THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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WISHES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY EDWIN R. MARTIN.

Sweet friend, if simply *wishing* well
Would make our pathway brighter seem,
Thine should in all that's good excel,
Fairer than e'er thy fairest dream;
No clouds would shut the sunlight in,
No gloom o'erspread, no sorrows fall,
But like some clime unknown to sin
This world should yield thee pleasures all.

Above, the sun with gentle ray
Would shed upon thee golden light,
And stars their gleaming gems display
Upon the blue vault of the night;
The queen-rose bend in blushing pride
In every sweet, sequestered shade,
The bluebell and the violet hide
In hedge and hollow, glen and glade.

And music's soft, seductive swell
Should charm thee in each woodland hall,
Where swaying boughs in whispers tell
How sweet the wild birds' gentle thrall;
The streamlet, wand'ring down the glen,
Singing along its devious way,
Would flash its beauties back again
In dimpling waves or snowy spray.

But wherefore *wish?* Life cannot be
A summer day of song and bloom;
Tears mingle with our smiles, and we
Must share our gayety with gloom.
Still the sweet pleasures of a heart
Where love's unfading flowers entwine,
Unknown to envy's baneful dart,
Be thine, my friend—forever thine.

Bethany, Ohio.

☞ The best of friends fall out. Our teeth are no exception.

GENERAL STUART'S HEADQUARTERS ON THE RAPIDAN.

A correspondent of the London Illustrated News sends that paper the above sketch of the camp of the rebel cavalry General Stuart—who was lately killed in a battle with Sheridan's cavalry near Richmond.

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,
Author of "Verner's Pride," "The Shadow of Ashlydyatt," "Squire Trevlyn's Heir," "The Mystery," etc., etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

PART XXVI.

THE DOCTOR'S BIRTHDAY.

The dead of the winter passed. That is, Christmas was turned, and January had come in, and was drawing towards its ending.

Dr. Davenal's state of health was beginning to attract attention. It cannot be said that absolute fears were excited, but people said to each other and to him that he ought to take more care. Especial care of himself he certainly did not take, and he seemed to take cold upon cold. It must not be thought that Dr. Davenal was recklessly neglectful, supinely careless. It was not that at all. But he was one of those many, many persons who seemed to have an assured trust in their own constitution, almost believing their state of good health infallible. Other folks are liable to ailments, but there's no fear of themselves. This is sometimes remarkably the case with those who have never experienced illness, who have gone through a hearty life with neither an ache nor a pain.

As had Dr. Davenal. Of a naturally good constitution, temperate in his habits, taking a good deal of exercise one way or another, his mind always occupied, he did not know what it was to have a day's illness. The great blow which had fallen upon him in the death of his son told upon his mind more than upon his body. If it had bent his shoulders and left lines of care upon his face, it had not made him ill. It was reserved for the later calamity to do that—that terrible secret whose particulars none save the doctor knew. *That* had nearly prostrated him—it had re-acted on the body; and when the cold struck to him the day he had to hasten from Mrs. Scott's hot room to the Infirmary, it laid hold of him for good.

He could not shake it off. Miss Davenal told him somewhat crossly that he kept catching cold upon cold; but the doctor himself knew that it was that first cold clinging about him. He apprehended no real danger: he did not pay much attention to it. Had he possessed a mind at rest, he might have thought more of the body's ailments, but with that great burden of despair—and, in truth, it was little else—weighing him down, what in comparison was any sickness of body? As to lying by, he never so much as gave it a thought. So long as he could get about, he would get about. He thought of others before himself; he was one who strove hard to do his duty in the sight of God, following his Saviour's precepts; and he had deemed it little less than a sin had he selfishly stopped indoors to nurse himself, when there might be fellow-creatures dying for the want of his aid. It was very easy to say other doctors might attend for him: we all know how valuable in illness is the presence of the physician we *trust;* and none in Hallingham was trusted as was Dr. Davenal.

And so, with his aching mind and his aching body, he went about his work. It is just possible that a fortnight or so's rest might have saved him. He did not have it; he thought he could not get it—if indeed he thought of it at all, which the chances are he did not. He went about his work as usual—nay, more than as usual, for it was a season of much sickness at Hallingham, as it was that winter in many other places. He bore on never flagging; but he grew weaker day by day, and everybody said how poorly the doctor was getting to look. No fears for his state were aroused indoors. Sara attributed all she saw amiss in him to the burden of that great secret, of which she had only partial cognizance; and Miss Davenal was a great deal more cross than pitying.

For Bettina Davenal suspected neither illness of body nor illness of mind. How should she connect the latter with the prosperous physician? That he had grieved at the going abroad of his son Edward she believed: a grief in which Miss Bettina by no means joined; for she deemed that a little roughing it out in the world would be found of wholesome benefit to the indulged son and brave captain; but as to any real grief or sorrow being upon the doctor, she never gave a thought to it. He was silent, and thin, and worn; he had no appetite; his spirits seemed gone; she saw all this, and in her heart condemned it; for she never supposed it was caused by anything but the departure of his son.

His not eating was made the worst grievance of by Miss Bettina. Once before, in an unusual season of sickness, the doctor had—not, perhaps, lost his appetite, but allowed himself no time for his meals, Miss Bettina believed that it was the same case now; that his patients were absorbing his appetite and his energies; and she gave him a good sound talking to, as she might to Dick. Get what she would on the table, plain food or dainties, it seemed all one to the doctor: he would taste perhaps to please her, but he could not eat.

"I can't help it," he said to her one day. "I suppose I am worse than you think."

For the truth, or rather a suspicion of it, had at length dawned on Dr. Davenal—that he was more seriously ill than he had allowed himself to imagine. Unfavorable symptoms, connected with his chest and lungs, had forced themselves upon his notice on that very morning, and he asked himself what they meant, and what they boded. Had he neglected himself too long?

It was the 24th of January, a notable day in the doctor's household, for it was his birthday, and was always kept amidst themselves. Dick and Leo made the day a plea for the extension of their holidays. The school generally re-opened about a week earlier, but of course, as they told their uncle, they could not go back with his birthday so near: they must stay to wish him many happy returns of it. Miss Davenal saw no reason in the plea, and was severe when the doctor allowed it—as he always did; she would never keep boys at home a single hour after the school opened. But with Uncle Richard to back them, Dick and Leo did not care for Aunt Bettina.

Yes, it was on this morning that Dr. Davenal awoke to the serious state of his own health. If what he suspected was true, he feared he should not be long in this world—that he and his great care might be on the wing from it.

He said nothing. He went out as usual in his close carriage, which he had latterly used, and forgot not a single patient. But he said to himself that perhaps in a few days, when he should have brought through, if Heaven willed, one or two who were lying in extreme danger, he might make arrangements for stopping at home and nursing himself.

On this same day the doctor again saw Oswald Cray. He had occasion to give some directions to Mark, missed seeing him at the Infirmary, and told Roger to drive to the Abbey. Upon entering, he found not Mark, but Oswald. Oswald, it appeared, had just called in, and was waiting for Mrs. Cray to come down. Mark was out.

Dr. Davenal cherished no resentment. He deemed that Oswald Cray had behaved to him badly, but he had never been of a retaliating spirit, and least of all was he inclined to it now, with that morning's doubt of his state fresh upon his mind. Ah, my friends! when the prospect of death is brought very near to us, how lenient does our spirit become to the failings of our fellow-creatures! We can see then what our own have been.

The doctor pressed Oswald Cray's hand cordially as he shook it. The thought flashed over him that he would make one more effort towards a reconciliation. A few moments, given to commonplace salutations, and then he spoke.

"This is my birthday, Mr. Oswald Cray. Mark and Caroline are coming to dine with us, will you join them?"

"You are very kind. But I must go up to London by the seven train."

Not a word of "wishing" he could come, or regrets that he could not. The doctor noticed that; he noticed also that his tone was more polite than warm. But he did not yet give him up.

"It may be the last birthday I shall see. We shall be glad to welcome you."

"I hope you will see many yet; but I am obliged to return to town. Thank you, all the same."

Coldly courteous still! Dr. Davenal, who would not wait, as Mark was out, again offered his hand in parting.

"Some estrangement has come between us which I do not understand, Mr. Oswald Cray. Remember what I say, should this be the last time we speak together, that it is you who have to answer for it, not I."

"One word, Dr. Davenal," for the doctor was turning away to regain his carriage. "Believe at least so much, that none can regret the estrangement more than I regret it."

"Is it explainable?"

"Not by me," replied Oswald, somewhat of his old hauteur coming upon him. He honestly believed in his heart that Dr. Davenal, in saying these few words, was but acting a part.

"Fare you well," said the doctor, as he went out. And they were the last words ever spoken between them.

It was a social family meeting, the dinner that night at Dr. Davenal's, and for some of its partakers a right merry one. Mark Cray and his wife were merry as heart could wish, the two boys boisterously so, Miss Davenal as much so as she ever permitted herself to be. Sara was quiet, the doctor was ill, and a gentleman, whom the doctor had invited after Oswald Cray declined, was grieving over the alteration so conspicuously visible in Dr. Davenal.

This was the Rev. John Stephenson. He was at Hallingham on business, had called that afternoon on Dr. Davenal, and the doctor had pressed him to stay to dinner.

When the cloth was removed, and Mr. Stephenson had said grace, and Dick and Leo were up to their eyes in nuts and oranges, Mark Cray stood in his place and made a natty little speech. Mark was fond of making speeches: they were a great deal more in his line of taste than venturing on critical operations. It lasted five minutes, and wound up with wishing the doctor many happy returns of the day.

"Hurrah!" shouted Dick. "Uncle Richard, I hope you'll have a hundred birthdays yet!"

"And plenty of good things for you to eat at them, eh, Dick?" rejoined the doctor with a smile.

"Oh, of course," cried Dick, his eyes sparkling. "It always does come in the Christmas holidays, you know."

The doctor slightly rose from his chair, leaning with both hands on the table. His manner was subdued, his voice inexpressibly gentle and loving.

"My dear friends, I thank you for your kindness; I thank you from my very heart. I am not well, and you must accept these few words in answer to Mark's more elaborate speech. It may be the last time I shall be here to receive your good wishes or to thank you for them. May God bless you!"—and he raised his hands slowly and solemnly—"May God bless and love you all when I shall be gone!"

The words took them utterly by surprise. Sara bent her head, and pressed her hands upon her bosom as if to press down the sudden sobs that arose and went well nigh to choke her; Dick and Leo stared; Miss Bettina complacently nodded her acknowledgments, she knew not to what, for she had failed to hear; and Caroline looked up in wonder. Mark Cray was the first to speak.

"Do you feel ill, sir?"

"Not particularly; not much more so than I have felt lately. I don't think I am very well, Mark."

"You are overworked, sir. You must take some rest."

"Rest may be nearer for me than we think, Mark."

"Oh, papa, don't! Don't speak so, unless you would break my heart!"

Her emotion had become uncontrollable, and the anguish had spoken out. Never until that moment had the prospect of losing her father been brought palpably before Sara, and it was more than she well knew how to bear. In spite of her natural reticence of feeling, of the presence of a stranger, she buried her head upon the table, quite shaking with her hysterical sobs.

Miss Davenal was frightened, somewhat indignant.

"What on earth's the matter with Sara?"

"Hush, Aunt Bettina," called out Mrs. Cray. "Don't scold her. Uncle Richard has been talking gloomily. He says he is ill."

"Ill! of course he is ill," retorted Miss Bettina, who had contrived to hear. "He won't eat. He is out and about with his patients from morning till night, and then comes in too tired to eat anything. He has not swallowed a couple of ounces of meat all the last week. What can he expect but to be ill? But there's no cause for Sara to burst into a violent fit of crying over it. Will you be so kind as to excuse it, sir?" she added in her stately courtesy, to the

clergymen who was sitting at her right hand.

He bowed. A man who has known adversity, as he had, can feel for sorrow, and his heart was aching for the grief of the child, for the ominous change he saw in the father, his benefactor. Mark turned to Miss Davenal.

"It is just what I say, Miss Bettina, that the doctor is overworked. He wants a week or two's rest."

"And what are you good for if you can't contrive that he should have it?" was her answer. "I think you might see his patients for him."

"So I could," answered Mark. "Only he won't let me."

Sara's emotion was subsiding. She sat very still now, as if ashamed of having betrayed it, the tears dried upon her cheeks, her head a little bent; but an uncontrollable sob broke from her now and then. Dr. Davenal had taken her hand under the table, for she sat next to him, and was holding it in his.

"You foolish child!" he fondly whispered.

"Papa, if—if anything were to happen to you—if you were to go and leave me here alone, I should die," was the answer, uttered passionately.

"Hush, hush! My darling, you and I are alike in the hands of a loving God."

She laid her fingers again upon her bosom. How violently it was beating, how difficult it was to still its throbs of pain, she alone knew.

"I met that gentleman this afternoon, the connection of Lady Oswald's whom I saw for the first time the day of the funeral," spoke up the clergyman, breaking the silence which had fallen upon the room. "Mr. Oswald Cray."

"I met him, too," said the doctor. "It was at your house, Mark. I asked him to come here to-day, but he declined."

"He is gone back to town, I think," said Mark.

"He said he was going."

"Uncle Richard, how is it Oswald never comes here now?" asked Mrs. Cray. "Is he offended at anything?"

"He appears to have taken umbrage at something or other, Carine," was the doctor's answer.

"I should judge him to be a very estimable sort of man," observed Mr. Stephenson. "Straightforward and honorable."

"Estimable men take crotchets into their heads sometimes," remarked the doctor, who would not say to Mr. Stephenson that Oswald Cray's "crotchet" was connected with the will. "There's no doubt that he is an honorable man."

"Did you ask him to dine here, Uncle Richard?" cried Leo. The very question Sara was wishing to put.

"I did, my boy."

"And wouldn't he?" rejoined Mark.

"No, he wouldn't. And, mind, I think he *wouldn't;* although he declined upon the plea of having to get back to town."

"My! what a stupid duff he was!" exclaimed Richard. "Did he know there was going to be a turkey and plum-pudding?"

"I didn't tell him that, Dick. My impression from his manner was, that he never means to enter our house again," the doctor added in a low tone to his daughter.

"But, why?" exclaimed Caroline, who sat on the other side the doctor and caught the words. "There must be something extraordinary at the bottom of all this."

"Never mind going into it now, Carine," whispered the doctor. "His grievance, I am convinced, is connected with Lady Oswald's will, but we need not say so before Mr. Stephenson."

Sara lifted her face hastily, impulsive words hovering on her tongue; but she recollected herself, and bent it again in silence. Not even to her father dared she say that his conclusion was a mistaken one.

"Uncle Richard, now that I look at you, it does appear to me that you are changed for the worse," remarked Mrs. Cray. "Oswald said so this afternoon after you went out—and by the way you might have stopped to see me; I was down the minute after. What is it that ails you?"

"I think I have a cold hanging about me, Carine," was the doctor's slighting answer, who did not choose again to enter upon the subject of his ailments. "I must nurse myself, as Mark says."

"Of course you must. It would not do for Hallingham to have you ill, you know. They'd not understand it."

"True," laughed the doctor.

Caroline Cray, seeing her uncle daily, or nearly so, as his family did, had not perceived the great change which had been gradually taking place in him. But to Mr. Stephenson, who had not met him since the time of Lady Oswald's death, it was all too palpable. As it was that day to Oswald Cray. Oswald Cray had been startled at the signs of illness, of decay. And as the doctor had gone out with his wan face, his drooping form, Oswald's heart had yearned to the man whom he had once so respected, in spite of the cloud that was resting upon him.

"We must not forget the captain, to-day, doctor," spoke up Mark. "Have you heard from him again?"

"Oh, yes."

"How does he like his Maltese quarters?"

"I am not sure that he has said. It is not of much consequence whether he liked them or not. The regiment was ordered on to India."

"To India! He'll be farther away, then!"

"Yes." It was impossible not to note the sad tone in which the monosyllable was spoken. Dr. Davenal had begun to know that he and his son should never again meet on earth: the son whom he so loved!

Somehow, what with one thing or other, that birthday evening was a sadder one than they were accustomed to spend. Mark Cray as he walked home with his wife afterwards, remarked that it was "slow." But nobody dreamt of anything like fear for the doctor, save his daughter and the Reverend Mr. Stephenson.

"I can never be sufficiently grateful to you, sir," murmured the clergyman as he was leaving. "Neither can my brother. You have done for us what I believe no other man living would have done. May Heaven reward you, and restore you to health and strength!"

"I did but my duty," answered the doctor. "The money belonged to you, not to me. I am only glad there were no vexatious law obstacles brought up to obstruct the transfer. I shall always be glad to see you, remember, when you come to Hallingham."

Mr. Stephenson thanked him. But as he went out, the impression was strong upon his mind that the doctor himself would not long be in Hallingham.

And Sara? What must it have been for her? Perhaps the most grievous trouble that can arise in a daughter's mind is the sudden fear of a beloved father's coming death. *Her* mind was one chaos of tumultuous emotion. She seemed to have accepted the fear as a certainty, to have been obliged to accept it. Oh, what would save him?—could not the whole faculty restore *his* precious life? It was a second night of anguish, like unto the one she had passed nearly two months before, after parting with Oswald Cray in the Abbey grave-yard—like it, but more apprehensively painful; and she wondered how she got through it.

With the morning, when she rose and dressed, things did not wear so intensely gloomy an aspect. The broad daylight, the avocations and bustle of daily life, are an antidote to gloom, and the worst prospect loses some of its darkness then. She tried to reason with herself that he could not have become so ill on a sudden as to be past recovery, she tried to say that it was foolish even to think it.

But her mind could not be at rest, her state of suspense was intolerable, and before entering the breakfast-room she knocked at her father's door.

"Come in."

Dr. Davenal was up and seated in his consulting-room; he was closing the Bible as Sara entered. It was his custom to read a few minutes before he left his rooms in a morning. He had not done so before Richard's death, but that had made a change in him in many ways. He had always been a good moral man, deserving of the highest respect from his fellow-citizens; but he had not always thought so much of heaven, and of doing his best to work for it, as he did now.

Sara stood there in agitation, her tongue utterly failing her. She had wished to be relieved of her great care, and now that she was come did not know how to speak of it.

"What is it, my dear?"

"Oh papa"—and the words came freely enough with the burst of pent-up anguish—"I cannot live in this suspense. What did you mean last night? What is it that is the matter with you?"

"I scarcely know, Sara. Only that I feel ill."

"But—you—cannot—be going to die?"

"Hush, my child! You must not agitate yourself in this way. Die? Well, no, I hope not," he added, quite in a joking manner. "I feel ten per cent. better this morning than I did yesterday."

"Do you?" she eagerly cried. "But—what you said last night?—"

"Last night I felt gloomy—oppressed. Serious thoughts do intrude themselves sometimes on one's birthday. And I was really ill yesterday. I feel quite a different man to-day."

Her fears were growing wonderfully calmer.

"You are sure, papa?"

"Sure of what? That I am better?—I am sure I feel so. I shall be all right, child, I hope."

"Won't you have advice, papa?" she imploringly said.

"Advice? That's a compliment to myself, young lady. Hallingham would tell you that there's no advice in it better than Dr. Davenal's own."

"But, papa—I mean different advice. I thought of the clever London doctors. You must have them down to see you."

"Some of the clever London doctors would be glad of the countryman Richard Davenal's advice. Seriously speaking, my dear, though I say it in all modesty, I don't believe there's a man in Europe more skillful than myself."

"But they might suggest remedies that you would not think of. Oh papa! if there's a necessity, do summon them."

"Be assured of one thing, Sara, and set your mind at rest. Should the necessity arise, I will not fail to seek any one or anything that I think may help me. My life has not of late been a happy one, but I am not yet tired of it; I wish I may live long, not only for your sake, but for—for other interests. There's a double necessity for it now."

"And you will not go out to day, papa?"

"To-day I must. I have not made arrangements to the contrary. But I do mean to give myself a rest, perhaps beginning with to-morrow. I feel a great deal better to-day—quite another man."

How the words lightened her heart! Dr. Davenal really did feel much better, and the saddened spirit, the almost ominous feeling, which had clung to him the night before, had lifted itself. But he made more light of his illness than he would have done had he not seen how it was affecting her.

Dick came drumming at the door and then pushed it open with a bang.

"Breakfast's waiting. And Aunt Bett—Why! are you there?" broke off the young gentleman as his eyes fell upon Sara. "I'm afraid you'll catch it. Aunt Bett thinks you are not down, and it's ten minutes past eight."

"Are you ready for school, Dick?" asked his uncle. "Elated at the prospect of returning?"

Dick pulled a long face. The two boys were going back that day. A sore trial to Dick, who, it must be confessed, had been born with an innate antipathy to books.

"You'll have us home at Easter, Uncle Richard," he pleaded in a piteous tone.

"Not if I know it, Dick. Holidays twice a year were thought quite enough in my school-days, and I see no reason for their not being thought enough now."

"Half the boys go home at Easter—and stop a fortnight," bemoaned Dick.

"Very likely. If half the boys have friends who prefer play to work for them, I'm only glad the other half set a better example. Dicky, boy, you'll enjoy your Midsummer holidays all the more keenly for having none at Easter."

The doctor caught hold of the boy and wound his arm affectionately around him as they proceeded across the hall to the breakfast-room. Miss Davenal greeted Sara with one of her severest aspects, but before she could begin her lecture, Mark Cray had burst in upon them.

"Have you heard the news?" he exclaimed, in a state of excitement never yet witnessed in easy Mark Cray. "Doctor, have you had letters yet?"

"What news? What letters?" asked the doctor.

"Caroline has got her money."

"Caroline got her money?" repeated Dr. Davenal, understanding no better than the rest did.

"The Chancery cause is decided," explained Mark. "Judgment was given yesterday, and it is in her favor. She'll get the money directly now."

"How do you know this, Mark?"

"It is in the evening papers—reported in full. I call for my letters sometimes if I am passing the post-office, and I did this morning and got this paper. White, the lawyer, sent it, I expect, and we shall no doubt hear by this evening's post."

"Well, Mark, I am very glad. Justice lay on Caroline's side, therefore it is right that she should have it. You must settle it upon her as soon as you touch the money."

"Oh, of course," said Mark.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ At a recent meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, M. Robinet read a paper on a plan of his for purifying the sewerage of large cities, and preventing the pestilential exhalations issuing from them. His plan consists in establishing a communication between the sewers and the furnaces of large manufactories burning coal. By this means a draught would be produced, carrying all the infected air into the fire, where it would be decomposed. We may add that a good way of ventilating water-closets, when attached to private houses, is to run the ventilating pipe into the kitchen chimney.

☞ A few weeks since a San Francisco stock operator, disgusted at his losses, concluded to shake off this mortal coil, and take shares in "kingdom come." To this end he swallowed a lot of laudanum, which being discovered by his friends, they called in a physician, who, by the exercise of force, got a stomach pump at work, pumped out the poison and saved the man's life. Physician subsequently sent in a bill of $20 for his services; laudanum taker refused to pay, saying he had not employed him; physician sues for his money, and laudanum-man threatens to prosecute physician for assault and battery. Rather a pretty case as it stands.

☞ A pundit at Benares, India, has been dining with a wealthy European goldsmith of that place, and this unpardonable offence against the laws of his caste has been visited with punishment, which consisted in fasting for eight days, repeating a sacred text one hundred thousand times, walking fifty miles in five days barefooted, and "cleansing his mouth by filling it with compost."

☞ It is said that the present mayor of Stratford-on-Avon, is a native of Connecticut, E. F. Flowers. He has been five times chosen to the office.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1864.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

The Sewing Machine Premium Withdrawn.

Our offer of a Sewing Machine as a Premium is withdrawn for the present. This notice applies to the LADY'S FRIEND as well as to the POST.

HAWTHORNE.

At the death of a distinguished author, it is natural to estimate his services to the cause of literature, and attempt to define the relative rank to which he is entitled. Neither of these things, however, can be done with any great degree of certainty by a writer's contemporaries—and there is no judgment, not even that of twenty generations, which is not liable to be overturned at any moment by some subtle and profound thinker.

Hawthorne, in our opinion, was a man of fine and sensitive, but rather narrow intellectual organization. In reading his works, you perpetually crave greater breadth and solidity. His light, too, is not often the bright, wholesome sunlight, but generally of a weird and unnatural character. Still he has great merit in his peculiar way. His style is simple, clear and natural. His characters are interesting as studies of what human beings might be, if not of what they are. Even the morbidness of his genius had its uses in leading him to investigate certain portions of the spiritual anatomy which healthier natures are disposed to avoid, and which investigations are beneficial as they tend to the more perfect understanding of what these spiritual organizations of ours really are—the depths of baseness of which they are capable, as well as the heights of nobility to which they may ascend.

As to Hawthorne's position in the ranks of American prose writers, let us attempt a judgment. Of course, in the very front rank—and alone—stands Fenimore Cooper—the greatest original genius that America has produced; and the only one who takes rank with Scott, and precedence, probably, of Bulwer and Dickens. Cooper's novels are known where nothing else of America is known. They have been translated, we believe, into every European language, and into the Persian and other Asiatic dialects. Not even Scott is so widely known among all tongues and peoples as Cooper. The width and solidity of his genius are shown by its universality. On the prairie, in the forest, and on the ocean, he is unsurpassed. No other writer even contests with him the dominion of the sea. While his "Bravo," and several other works, prove his ability to cope with the best in describing the complex social and political details of a highly artificial civilization.

Next to Cooper, undoubtedly, comes Washington Irving, whose power and greatness can only be fully appreciated when we regard him as the author of such varied works as the Sketch Book, the Siege of Granada, Knickerbocker's New York, and the Life of Columbus? Who shall we class with Irving?—echo answers, "Who?"

In a third class comes Brockden Brown, between whom and Hawthorne, in an essential characteristic of their genius, there is no slight resemblance. As to non-essentials, Hawthorne is more correct and clear, while Brown is more diffuse and imaginative. Hawthorne is cold, and has a touch of sarcasm in his nature, which makes his otherwise admirable books for children, so far as children are the judges, almost failures. Brown is warm, passionate, and genial at heart amid the darkest depths of his gloom.

With Brown, however, we place Hawthorne—and with them perhaps we might name a few others, including Emerson, the subtle essayist.

Then come Bancroft, Prescott, and Motley—men of fine culture, with gifted pens, but not men of genius—only men of more or less varied talents.

And after these come a host, many of them female writers—the witty and clever Dr. Holmes, the "autocrat" of the Boston tea tables; the admirable Miss Sedgwick; the emotional and sensational Mrs. Southworth, with her "thunder and lightning and sudden death;" John Neal, Mrs. Stephens, and a number of others whose abilities are by no means contemptible, and who have done, and do, many of them a very useful, and others a very agreeable work in their day and generation.

But in this hasty article we have been led further than we intended—and as it is by no means our purpose to attempt a classification of all our American prose writers, we beg pardon of those we have erroneously classed, and of some of those we have omitted to mention, and leave the subject, at least for the present.

THE WOMAN IN BLACK. By the author of "The Man in Gray." Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SEVEN STORIES, WITH BASEMENT AND ATTIC. By the author of "My Farm of Edgewood." Published by Charles Scribner, N. Y.; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

HISTORY OF THE ADMINISTRATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN. By HENRY J. RAYMOND. Published by J. C. Derby & N. C. Miller, N. Y.; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE AMERICAN MINING GAZETTE AND GEOLOGICAL MAGAZINE. This is a new monthly magazine, devoted to mining interests. Price $5. Published by Gilbert E. Currie, New York.

SLATE DRAWING BOOKS. In Six Parts. Published by Fisher & Brother, Philada. and Baltimore.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for June, and the ATLANTIC MONTHLY for June are also on our table.

NEW MUSIC.

THIS HAND NEVER STRUCK ME, MOTHER. Song and Chorus. Words by J. A. D. O'CONNOR. Music by Mrs. PARKHURST. Published by Horace Waters, New York.

SHE WAS ALL THE WORLD TO ME. By the late STEPHEN C. FOSTER. Published by Horace Waters, New York.

WHEN OLD FRIENDS WERE HERE. By STEPHEN C. FOSTER. Published by Horace Waters, New York.

THE DYING DRUMMER. Words by THOS. MANAHAN. Music by Mrs. PARKHURST. Published by Horace Waters, New York.

THE SANITARY FAIR POLKA. Composed by Mrs. PARKHURST. Published by Horace Waters, New York.

JENNY WADE, THE HEROINE OF GETTYSBURG. Words by ALBERT G. ANDERSON. Music by RUDOLPH WITTIG. Published by Wm. R. Smith, Philada. [In reference to this last song we may say, that the Gettysburg people, we are informed, aver that Jenny Wade, so far from being an Union heroine, was really a sympathizer with the rebellion.]

☞ A woman, out West, has been carrying on a rather strange confidence game in Milwaukee, Green Bay, etc. She dresses in male attire, marries some young lady, and then decamps with her bride's money.

☞ Rodbuck, M. P., is always saying something either false, foolish, or both. The other day, in Parliament, speaking on the subject of the death-penalty for murder, he is reported to have said: "In the State of Louisiana they had substituted perpetual solitary confinement for death, and all those who were subjected to this new punishment went mad."

☞ When the war first broke out, a young married man of Steubenville, Ohio, volunteered. He was reported killed at Perryville, and subsequently his wife received in a metallic coffin what purported to be the body of her husband. She buried it with all due ceremony and affection, and after more than a year had elapsed, she married again. A few days since, an exchanged prisoner passed through Steubenville, and left a message from the husband supposed to be dead, that he would probably be soon exchanged, and would be home again. Her present husband is a worthy man, and the case becomes somewhat embarrassing.

☞ The car-heater, an invention by Wm. Westlake, of Milwaukee, is an admirable arrangement, and is being extensively introduced on the railroads of Wisconsin, Illinois, and other states. The heater is suspended underneath the passenger car, and does away with the cumbrous, and, in case of accident, dangerous stove. The heat is distributed under every seat in the car, so that every passenger virtually has a foot-stove directly under his feet, and those travelling on railroads need no longer suffer from cold feet in the winter. This heat can be regulated by each passenger, according to his own liking.

☞ Eleven tons of cotton arrived at San Francisco recently, which was raised in Utah Territory, and brought down to the shipping ports on the backs of mules, in forty-two days time. The quality of the cotton is fair, the staple being fine, though short, and its color and strength good.

☞ "Why did Joseph's brethren cast him into the pit?" asked a school teacher of his class. "Because," replied one young lady, "they thought it a good opening for a young man."

☞ Rev. J. G. Goucher, of London, England, has gained great celebrity by preaching a sermon as his own which was preached some years since by Rev. D. P. Stone, of Boston, and was printed here. "Such coincidences are remarkable, but not uncommon," says the Christian Intelligencer.

☞ Mrs. Greenhow, the Southern heroine, has been staying here (Paris). She is decidedly considered a wonderful woman. She has been admitted to an interview with the Emperor, and is regarded by the ladies of Paris as the personification of the patriotic heroine. Tall, handsome, and graceful, her youth and beauty produced as much surprise as admiration among the diminutive race which people the drawing-rooms of Paris. The volume published in London, by Bentley, and called "My Imprisonment at Washington," has excited great sympathy for the statements it contains.—*Paris Correspondent of the Liverpool Journal.*

WORLD WEALTH.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

'Tis a rare world this of ours,—a rich, rare world, where every year drops wealth in nature's hand, and passeth on. On the sea of mind float argosies of thought, freighted by the vanished centuries, and, with Time for their pilot, sail down the thronging years, inexhaustibly rich.

So has physical wealth grown with the centuries. At first man trod a boundless wilderness, overflowing with possibilities, teeming with undeveloped forces that lay in the germ waiting the coming of the magician whose touch should set them free. The hand of cultivation broke the chain that held down these Titan powers, and plenty, like the fairy Ariel, girdled the earth.

Every foot of land cultivated was a direct tax paid into the treasury of Nature. She lent strength and intellect to man, and this was her interest on the investment.

Age by age, century by century has the earth been gradually lifting into the grand realm of the plough, whose subjects are comfort, health, and happiness, whose throne, the heart of the world.

Dark ages have trodden down the fruit of fertile centuries, but the darkness passeth away, and the trodden plants spring up, and the old world leaps in youthful joy at the song of the husbandman.

Comfort now has invaded the old domain of poverty and is treading onward still, while want and woe fly before her footsteps, so rich has grown the world, so liberal to her children.

Yet we stand but on the threshold of Time. Great part of the earth laughs yet in utter wildness. The remainder slumbers in half cultivation, dreaming dreams of plenty, with no Daniel to interpret its visions. Perhaps not an acre on earth is fruitful to its limit. Nature herself is savage at the heart, she delights in weeds and brambles, revels in a tropical jungle, and if left to herself turns garden lands to wildernesses.

But when the combined forces of mind and muscle have tamed the vast giant and made earth the slave of Intellect; when her innate wealth surges up in a blossoming sea, then shall want silently spread its wings, and fly to some new-born planet; then shall man in proud disdain burst from the grasp of woe, rend tyranny and outrage from their thrones, and in their stead crown happiness and nature.

The iron hand of invention has at last reached the plough, and the land is being torn by steam. Fair science has left the stars and turned husbandman. Her footstep, more potent than that of Spring, plants plenty in the wilderness; the very deserts blossom where she treads.

Ambition and avarice are peopling the earth. The desire of gold is unlocking the gateways to new continents that have slept for centuries in savage indolence, and wherever man goes he enforces the magic rule taught him of old by nature:

"Plant, plant, and reap, and gold shall grow in every field."

Gold! Every new idea, every new invention, is a mine of gold, richer and thrice more enduring than the sierras of Eldorado. Iron, imperial iron, is the philosopher's stone, the genius that has lent its throne to the yellow chest, Gold, and now toils on sublime in poverty.

The groundwork of all world riches is the farm, and from this centre, as from a fountain, the tide of wealth flows to every side; on this foundation a thousand schemes of happiness are built. All social necessities are being rapidly answered, every new luxury becoming rapidly a necessity, as the ease of its production and its consequent use increases. Luxuries unprocurable by monarchs of a few centuries past, are necessities now of the meanest cottager. Ay, the beggar of to-day feeds on the ambrosia and drinks the nectar of the gods of old, and the shepherd tends his flocks on high Olympus.

Every new machine invented, railroad or canal built, habitation erected, in fact every production of man, every spadeful of earth turned, is a direct contribution to the wealth of the world which, in its grand aggregate, can never be lost, but will ever pay immense dividends to labor and skill.

War, war, is the demon that has lain like an incubus on earth, destroying as fast as peace could erect, loading the nations with debt, and the heart of man with woe. In war's despite the world has trod upwards, gathering new wealth with every tread. Were war unknown, on what a height sublime would it now stand! Who shall tell?

Yet there are social evils that spring at the throat of the nations with the tiger's grip. Peace cannot throw them off. Society would be strangled did it not draw the sword occasionally, and lop off these excrescences. Heaven send the time when the blood-hound that is at the throat of our country shall fall dead and powerless to the earth, while fair Peace once again claims all our blossoming hillsides for her own.

☞ It is not half the trouble to learn in youth that it is to be ignorant in old age.

☞ To the contemplative soul there is no littleness. The least of things is infinite.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH, 1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

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May 14, 1864.

DEAR MRS. ——.

I have just come up from the rear of the Army of the Potomac, and there will at least be some variety in my correspondence with you, if I tell you what I saw at Belle Plain, instead of, as usual, repeating my Oliver-Twistian cry of "More! More!"

The day before yesterday I started from Washington with four volunteers, two ladies and two gentlemen, three of the party being from your city, and several being accustomed to army travelling and hospital nursing. One of the ladies is the wife of one of our Generals, and the other is the writer of that excellent little pamphlet—"Three Weeks at Gettysburg." The steamer we were on was well loaded with supplies—somewhere about sixty tons—and a score or two of relief agents to reinforce those already on the field and at Fredericksburg. Reaching Belle Plain—so called from its being a series of high hills—just as the twilight was settling on the beautiful and varied tints of verdure with which the last week or two of summer weather have covered its slopes, we found a repetition of the scenes I have before witnessed at the same place, in the spring of last year, and at various other places, on the Peninsula and elsewhere, during the different campaigns of the war. A couple of rudely-constructed wharves, a mile or so apart, put out into the placid waters of the broad creek, and lying against these, four or five deep, are steamers and barges of all kinds and sizes, loading and unloading so busily that you might imagine yourself on the docks of Boston, New York or Philadelphia. Boxes, barrels and bales pass from the holds and decks of the vessels, on the shoulders of long strings of contrabands, or on trucks, along the crazy wharf to the beach, and are there transferred to army wagons, which, after being filled, join the procession of similar vehicles, each drawn by four stout horses, that, with few gaps in the long road, up the ascent, and along its crest, wind slowly and mournfully, as far as the eye can reach, towards Fredericksburg and the interjacent camps. So far as the vessels and wharf are concerned, the scene resembles the unloading of vessels in a seaport town; but in a seaport town one does not—in peace times at least—see hosts of uniformed and armed men tramp from the decks along the wharves to join the hosts preceding them, nor does one see regiments of troopers tugging at the reins of unmanageable horses, that plunge fiercely among the swaying masses of humanity, and the unflinching masses of merchandise that line their way. But what can there be to load vessels with in an out-of-the-way creek, running up into a country from the hills of which one may look all around to the horizon without one's eyes resting on a human habitation? A permanent habitation, I should say, for every strip of land in sight that is not covered with trees, is dotted with tents and bivouacs, and army-wagons, beneath the canvas and boughs of which are sheltered—as much as may be in the fast-falling rain—multitudes of weary men, as, if collected into houses and streets, would fill many villages, and turn the wilderness into a "populous No." Thank goodness, when the spectator next watches the loading of a vessel in a commercial town, he will see nothing of what he now sees at this warfaring port of Belle Plain. All day long, and the day before, and several days before that, the ascending procession of wagons filled with rations, and of infantry and cavalry that have gone to reinforce Grant, has been met by a parallel line—a little way off, for the impromptu roads are too narrow to admit of vehicles passing each other—of ambulances filled with wounded men; and it is with these men, carried on stretchers from the ambulances, that the "outward-bound" vessels are loaded.

It is indeed a sad sight, but there is great satisfaction in reflecting that one is standing in the midst of all kinds of comforts and delicacies to reinforce the stock which has already been provided for these very men; and in recognizing within hailing distance a handsome flag, inscribed with the words, "U. S. Sanitary Commission," streaming from its staff, on the deck of a portly barge, comfortably lined with numberless good things for wear and diet at that very moment—we can imagine with a strength equal to conviction, for not "even with the aid of a powerful glass" can our point of sight enable us to discern behind the intervening boxes and barrels—under process of distribution to the poor fellows, as they are carried past to the boats that are about to convey them to Washington.

It is now dark. The rain has somewhat abated, but even if it poured as much as ever, it would not be possible to restrain the ladies from entering at *once on their self-imposed duties*. So I help them into a boat, and we are rowed to the *dock*, and are soon on board our barge, or store-boat as it is called. But the procession of wounded men is over for the night; and those that have come before are on their way to Washington, while those *in transitu* from the battle-fields are resting in wayside stations, or in the ambulances conveying them—a poor way for wounded and sore men to pass the night, but such as the cruel necessities of war render unavoidable. Dr. Steiner tells us that the nearest of the Commission's feeding lodges is some half mile up the hill, and that its capacity will not admit of any more attendance than that with which it is already supplied. As the ladies come to render aid where it is needed, not to supplant that which is previously provided, they think it advisable not to wade up to the lodge knee-deep in Virginia mud, nor do they consider that the cause of humanity demands the waking up of some poor fellows who are waiting the next boat, and the administering to them of pound cake, pies, and surreptitious draughts of bad whiskey; so we presently get into the row-boat again, and the ladies are before long occupying the pilot-house—the polite and ejected captain seeking other quarters—while the men dispose themselves for the night upon the decks, those that have rubber coats or blankets to keep off the rain, now descending faster than ever, feeling their great advantage over those who, rubberless, vainly seek dry spots wherever there are no leaking places in the ceiled roof.

The next morning, very early indeed, the sleeping accommodations offering few inducements to people of sybaritic tendencies, the Relief Agents are almost all started for Fredericksburg, and our small party enter the lists as Relief Agents on the spot. The scene of yesterday is renewed in all its details, and as the wounded men are borne in, hour after hour, in one long string, the pale and often blood-stained occupant of every stretcher is furnished according to his needs, by one or other of the party, with crackers, beef-tea, coffee, wine, water, or lemonade. The wine and lemonade are given only on the advice of a medical man, and sometimes the one is intensified into brandy, and the other into the unmixed juice of the lemon. But for men, exhausted with lying on the battle-field for many hours, sometimes for a day or two, without food or drink, thence borne to the operating table, and thence to the ambulances, the other things may be given, in most instances, in such quantities as they crave. Poor fellows, they clutch at them, but always with a "thank you," as if they thought they could swallow the basket or bottle along with the contents, but a few mouthfuls is generally all they have strength to manage. It is best for each one of such a Relief party to confine oneself to the distribution of a single article, the cracker man never trenching on the ladies' coffee-pail, and the coffee lady leaving the beef-tea religiously to another. Infinitely more may be done by systematically pursuing this plan of speciality. If, when the beef-tea is being carried round, some poor fellow shakes his head and imploringly asks for water or stimulant, one must not set down the beef-tea to be kicked over before one gets back, and rush off to spend half an hour in searching for water or stimulant; this is depriving a hundred men of beef-tea, for the sake of trying to get one man something which will probably be furnished him by the allotted water or whiskey bearer in three minutes after. One must humanely harden one's heart, and say with stern tenderness, "Yes, my boy, all right; a lady will be along with some delicious ice-water in a minute or two," and he will possibly smile, and say, "Thank you, sir; all right; I can wait. Say, mister, there's a fellow right across there,—that one with his leg off, and his head bound up,—he belongs to my company; he ain't had nothing to eat since the day *before yesterday*. I guess he'd like some o' that ere stuff. Won't you please give him some?"

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

DONATIONS.

MONDAY, May 23, 1864.

The Women's Penn. Branch United States Sanitary Commission acknowledges the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

Middlesex Aid Society, near Carlisle, 1 bbl.; Mrs. Amos Bonsale, 1 pkg.; an unknown friend, 1 pkg. currant jelly; a friend, 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Northumberland, 1 box, A. P. Taggart, Sec'y; Ladies' Aid, Covington, Tioga co., 1 box, Miss F. A. Dyer, Sec'y; Ladies' Aid, Lock Haven, Clinton co., 1 box, Mrs. H. D. Barton, Sec'y; Ladies' Aid, Montrose, Susquehanna co., 1 keg, Miss E. C. Blackman, Sec'y; Chester Co. Central Aid, West Chester, 1 box, Mrs. R. S. Price, Sec'y; Ladies' Aid, Reading, Berks co., 5 boxes, 1 bbl. potatoes, Miss C. C. Gries, Sec'y; Misses Lewis, 1712 Spruce st., shirts, drawers, socks; Miss Seltzinger, Fort Kennedy, Montgomery co., 3 boxes; Mrs. Wm. S. Lowber, shirts, old linen; Ladies' Aid, Northumberland co., 2 boxes, A. P. Taggart, Sec'y; Ladies' Aid, Sunbury, Northumberland co., 1 box, 1 bbl. potatoes. 1 box from the Sunday-school, E Donald, Sec'y; Aid Society, Jenkintown, Montgomery co., 2 boxes, Mrs. Russell Smith; Aid Society, Kennett Square, Chester co., 1 box, Mrs. H. M. Darlington, Sec'y; fans, paper and envelopes, donor unknown; Miss Rodman, old linen; Misses Lewis, No. 1712 Spruce st., old linen; Mrs. Fraley, Miss Mary Logan, and Miss L.'s servants, old linen and muslin; Mrs. Neller, 2017 Winter st., old clothing, bandages, &c.; little helpers, Muncy, Lycoming co., 1 keg, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Muncy, Lycoming co., 2 boxes, Mrs. Sarah H. Johnson, Sec'y; Ladies' Aid, Williamsport, Lycoming co., 1 box, 1 bbl., 2 jugs, Miss E. W. Capron, Sec'y; J. B. Hall, Williamsport, Lycoming co., 2 kegs; 1 keg, donor unknown; Ladies' Aid, Montoursville, 2 boxes; Ladies' Aid, Kennett Square, Chester co., 1 box, Mrs. H. M. Darlington, Sec'y; St. John's Secondary school, 1 pkg.; Locust St. school, 1 pkg.; a friend, linen; a friend, woolen socks; Ladies' Aid, Reading, Berks co., 4 boxes, 1 firkin, Miss C. C. Gries, Sec'y; Dr. Brainerd's church, 2 pkgs., Mrs. J. C. Farr, Prest.; St. Mark's church, 1 pkg., Miss Williams, Sec'y; Chester Co. Central Aid, 3 boxes, Mrs. R. S. Price; St. James's church Ladies' Aid, pickles, through Miss Green; Aid Society, North Jackson, Susquehanna co., 1 keg potato pickles, Mrs. P. Hall, Sec'y; Soldiers' Aid, church of Holy Trinity, 1 pkg., Mrs. Wm. Bucknell, Sec'y; Soldiers' Aid, Weldon, Montgomery co., 1 pkg., Mrs. Russell Smith, Sec'y; "Old Soldier," Germantown, books and newspapers; Mrs. W. A. Blanchard, linen and magazine; anonymous, drawers and pamphlets; Miss Bradford, old linen; Mrs. McHenry, lemons and oranges; Evans & Hassall, quantity of bandages; bandages and linen, through Mrs. Darlington, Concordville; 2 boxes, 1 tub pickles, from Mercy Ladies' Aid, Mrs. Sarah K. Johnson, Sec'y; 10 gallons pickles, Ladies' Aid, Hughesville, Lycoming co., E. Biddle, Sec'y; Ladies' Aid, Lock Haven, 1 box, Mrs H. D. Barton, Sec'y; Franklin township, Susquehanna co., 1 box; linen and clothing, from Mrs. Louber; Soldiers' Aid, Rush, Susquehanna co., Mrs. L. Hewen, Sec'y, 1 box; Miss Boyd, bandages; Hence, Griffith & Co., 609 North st., 1 box; M. M. Allen's school, Pottsville, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Tamaqua, Schuylkill co., R. R. McCabe, Sec'y, 2 boxes; East Smithfield, Bradford co., 1 box, Mrs. L. Bird, Sec'y; Ladies' Aid, Wellsboro, Tioga co., Miss M. P. Emery, Sec'y, 1 box; little helpers, 1 box; 1 bundle bandages, donor unknown.

NEW JERSEY.

Soldiers' Aid, Dennisville, Cape May co., 1 box, Miss A. Ludlam, Sec'y; Ladies' Aid, Beesville, N. J., K. R. Jones, Sec'y, 1 box.

☞ Isolation has its uses. Men, like trees, must stand far apart to grow large.

☞ Reports received at Castle Garden, New York, from all parts of Europe, indicate 250,000 as not far from the number of emigrants that may be expected at that port during the current year. There is great excitement on this subject all through Europe. Villages and even whole counties in England and Ireland will be emptied of their able-bodied industrial population.

A FAST WOMAN.

A Western Canadian paper, the Elora Observer, has received on authority which it says is unquestionable, a story of a chase in an outlying district of that part of the country:—"A young man and woman have lately married, and settled on a new farm. The other evening the man, going to his door, saw a most beautiful deer at the stack, eating hay with the sheep. He at once repaired to a neighboring house for a rifle, giving his wife orders to watch the animal closely until his return; but no sooner had he gone than the little dog sallied out and gave chase to the buck, and she, like a good and faithful wife, obeyed the injunctions of her liege lord, but, in order to do so was compelled to use her limbs in a manner that might not seem genteel to some of your city ladies. Away the deer ran, the little dog and the petticoat after it; the former intercepted the animal, and by getting between his legs considerably impeded his flight; this circumstance gave our heroine a chance to gain upon the deer, and being an excellent runner, she was not long in getting within reach of him—not to put salt upon his tail, however, but to take hold of it with a firm grasp. Heedless of this extra weight, the deer still continued his course over hill and dale, and through fields, brush and woods, but she still retained her hold, fearful only that the tail would break, and she be left behind. It didn't break, however, and after being able to keep up with the deer for over two miles, she managed to seize a club, and with one or two well directed blows succeeded in dispatching his deership, and although he was found to measure more than 10 feet from the nose to the tail, began to retrace her steps homewards, dragging the carcass after her, and had gone more than half a mile with her burden when she met her anxious husband, who was in search of her. Well may that husband feel proud of his wife. She is worth her weight in gold, if it is up to 164!."

LONDON CHURCHIANITY.

In a recent number of *Chambers's London Journal*, its "home correspondent" gives an account of a visit to one of the London churches, to hear a very popular preacher, whom he irreverently, but probably very graphically, names the "Rev. Mr. Softe Sawder." He also describes the churlish mode in which the British pew-holders behave, which sufficiently denotes of itself the style of churchianity—we will not say Christianity—to which many persons weekly listen. For our part, we think the whole system of giving the wealthy a right, by the purchase of pews at high prices, to the best seats in a church, is a curious comment upon a certain well-known text of Scripture; while the yearly auctioning out of the best pews, as pursued by certain popular preachers in this country, seems to us absolutely disgusting. But we suppose in no other way can our "Softe Sawders" as readily get their ten-thousand dollar salaries, even if "the poor have (not) the gospel preached unto them." But to the extract from "Chambers's Journal:"—

I had my hot buns for breakfast, of course, and there were plenty to spare for my friend Mr. Richard Sergeant, who dropped in with a request that I would accompany him to a certain fashionable chapel, where the Rev. Softe Sawder was advertised in all the papers to preach that morning.

"My dear sir," said I, "I am going to my own parish church close by, as is my usual custom; and in the afternoon I propose to visit the Crystal Palace, to see my friends the public enjoying themselves after their manner."

"That is *one* way of spending a fast-day," observed my friend (who is the offspring of a dean) with some severity.

"Nay," said I, "it is the other way; for there are only two ways. I am sorry your sense of what is right prevents your accompanying me. I am not without scruples about the matter myself; but you know I am a Home Correspondent, and have public duties."

"O yes; a pretty excuse," returned Mr. Sergeant, so bitterly, that it was easy to perceive he would have given a good deal to have had the like apology. "I suppose there will be dancing and drinking, and all sort of ribaldry."

"I am going to see," returned I calmly. "Take another hot cross-bun."

"Look here," quoth this irresolute creature. "If you will come with me to Softe Sawder, *I* will go with you to the Palace of Crystal. There."

"No," said I, "no. I cannot stand your fashionable preachers. I never heard anything practical from them in my life; they are blowers of word-bubbles, that is all. My clergyman here is a good old soul, who knows what he means, and his congregation understand him. I have no itching ears."

"But Softe Sawder is the most practical preacher you ever heard. That is his great peculiarity. I guarantee that you will have an admirable discourse."

"Will you guarantee that I get a seat?" returned I, wavering.

"Yes, I will," returned Mr. Richard Sergeant; "that is, if we start at once. It is now ten, and the service begins punctually at eleven; we must step out."

"But we shall get there in a quarter of an hour," reasoned I, aghast at the notion of a quick walk after four large buns. "Surely we shall be much too soon."

"Not an instant," returned my friend, putting on his hat. "There is no standing-room within ten minutes of the commencement. The free seats are filled directly the doors are open."

My friend had spoken the truth. The few high-backed narrow forms—certainly not called free by reason of their having any superfluous accommodation—which occupied the aisle of the fashionable chapel, had already several tenants when we arrived, and other candidates were pouring in. There was supposed to be room for three on each bench; but to have a child for one's next neighbor was esteemed a prize by stout persons, who beckoned to strange juveniles with eager hospitality, and having obtained their company, squeezed them without remorse. My companion and I were not so fortunate, but looked shillings into the eyes of every pew-opener that passed, in hopes of getting better quarters. Surely there is something hopeful in the way in which persons consent to be thus inconvenienced for the sake of hearing an eloquent divine! In very few walks of life has a man such a chance of imparting his thoughts, or of finding so many fellow-creatures willing—nay, eager—to receive them. If the manager of a theatre should contrive such Procrustean seats as we were sitting in, I am sure he would find but few persons to fill them. And yet, how envied we were by a crowd of persons, elegantly attired, who could not obtain seats at all, but stood in drafts and doorways, content with those fragments of discourse that reached them when the preacher "rose upon the wind of doctrine" higher than usual.

As for the British pew-holder, however, I confess I was impressed unfavorably by his demeanor. Whatever price he may have paid, by the season, for his position, he took it all out in self-complacency and supercilliousness. In my own ordinary place of worship, after the service has begun a reasonable time, those without seats are admitted into the pews, as a matter of course; but in the present case matters were very different. Again and again would a pew-opener lean over the door of some half-tenanted pew, and request permission to introduce some seatless stranger, only to meet with frowns and shakes of the head.* The notion of a gentleman in church, of all places in the world, behaving in this manner—with a picture of the Good Samaritan actually throwing "warm gules" upon his shirt-front from the painted window—would have been really humorous, but for the sad seriousness of the matter; what stolid ignorance of the cause of their being in that edifice at all, must possess such persons! What a blurred and indistinct idea must they entertain of the Great System which they flatter themselves they support by paying their pew-rents! How delicately the Rev. Softe Sawder must have picked his pastoral way, never to have suggested to these people even the first germs of Christian conduct! The art of How not to do it, however, was in this reverend gentleman's sermon carried to perfection. There not being one single miserable sinner present in that fashionable chapel whose income was less than five hundred pounds a year, he depicted the vices of the poor in glowing colors, while the rest of his discourse was solely directed against "the infidel"—not present. Never did I behold a congregation, I do not say more orthodox, for I hope I am orthodox myself, but more obviously conventional in every particular. He might just as well have directed his efforts against the tenets of the prophet Mohammed.†

"Sergeant," said I impressively, when we got into the natural air outside, "this is the last time—"

"Well, well," said he, "I know what you are going to say. I confess Softe Sawder was not very practical this morning; but last Sunday I never heard anything more excellent; and if you will only try once more, say *next* Sunday, I will guarantee that he is good again."

"My dear friend," remarked I gloomily, "I dare say you are right. It is only that I am unfortunate. When I happen to make one of a fishing-party, we never catch anything by any chance; but the day before, I am assured, they caught seventy-three dozen, and the day after was one totally unexampled in the way of piscatory success. So is it with me and the fashionable preachers. I will never leave my parish church again."

* There was one individual of about sixty, the sole tenant of a pew of considerable size, who came under my immediate observation. Him no official had ventured to ask for room, probably because they knew him too well; so he sat surrounded by Space. Presently, however, a young lady of great personal attractions, who was standing in the aisle with her mother, aroused this gentleman's benevolence. He nodded to her in a condescending manner, and when she took no notice of that, he beckoned to her, at the same time opening the pew-door. Upon this she bowed, and accepted his offer of a seat. Her elderly relative attempted to follow, whereupon this astounding individual quietly reached forward and shut the pew-door between them with a smack, leaving mamma outside. I never felt so much inclined to write to the *Times*.

† And yet there were numbers of good people taking notes of what was said, as though poor Softe Sawder had been St. Chrysostom.

☞ Fine sensibilities are like woodbines, delightful luxuries of beauty to twine round a solid, upright stem of understanding, but very poor things if they are left to creep along the ground.

☞ The last number of the Edinburgh Review speaks of "*Pope's* well-known line,"

"From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow."

The companion to this "well-known line" is—

"And Swift expires, a driveller and a show."

Now, as Swift survived Pope about a year, there is a strong presumption that Pope could not have written a couplet describing the way in which Swift expired. "Pope's well-known line," as the Edinburgh Review styles it, was written by Dr. Samuel Johnson, in the "Vanity of Human Wishes."—*Boston Transcript.*

☞ A Western New York farmer writes as follows to a distinguished scientific agriculturist, to whom he felt under obligations for introducing a variety of swine:—"Respected Sir:—I went yesterday to the fair at M——; I found several pigs of your species. There were a great variety of beasts, and I was astonished at not seeing you there."

THE CONFLAGRATION OF THE WORLD A SCIENTIFIC POSSIBILITY.—If we know the velocity and weight of any projectile, we can calculate with ease the amount of heat developed by the destruction of its moving force. For example, knowing as we do the weight of the earth, and the velocity with which it moves through space, a simple calculation would enable us to determine the exact amount of heat which would be developed, supposing the earth to be stopped in her orbit. We could tell, for example, the number of degrees which this amount of heat would impart to a globe of water equal to the earth in size. Mayer and Helmholtz have made this calculation, and found that the quantity of heat generated by this colossal shock would be quite sufficient not only to fuse the entire earth, but to reduce it in great part to vapor. Thus by the simple stoppage of the earth in its orbit the "elements" might be caused to "melt with fervent heat." The amount of heat thus developed would be equal to that derived from the combustion of fourteen globes of coal, equal to the earth in magnitude. And if after the stoppage of its motion, the earth should fall into the sun, as it assuredly would, the amount of heat generated by the blow would be equal to that developed by the combustion of 5,600 worlds of solid carbon.—*Heat Considered as a Mode of Motion, by John Tindall.*

NORTHERN GRISTMILLS.—Richmond papers of a late date speak of the "escape" of Sheridan's cavalry from the vicinity of Richmond. The manner in which the Northern horsemen "lived upon the country" is thus described:—

While they were fighting and lying about in the woods, their horses were grazing in the rich meadows of the Chickahominy. They took possession of all the corn upon the farms occupied by them, had corn-shellers of their own, and impressed those of the farmers, shelled as much as they wanted, and then set to work small portable gristmills they had brought with them, and ground out abundant rations for their men. In this way they were enabled to refresh themselves and their horses, and, protected as they were, principally by woods and temporary fortifications, they could afford, superior in force as they proved to be, to withstand our assaults, and were desperate enough to resort to any expedient to get away.

MR. LINCOLN'S LAST ANECDOTE.—A gentleman just returned from Washington relates the following incident that transpired at the White House the other day. Some gentlemen were present from the West, excited and troubled about the commissions or omissions of the Administration. The President heard them patiently, and then replied: "Gentlemen, suppose all the property you were worth was in gold, and you had put it into the hands of Blondin to carry across the Niagara River on a rope, would you shake the cable or keep shouting out to him—Blondin, stand up a little straighter—Blondin, stoop a little more—go a little faster—lean a little more to the North—lean a little more to the South? No, you would hold your breath as well as your tongue, and keep your hands off until he was safe over. The Government are carrying an immense weight. Untold treasures are in their hands. They are doing the very best they can. Don't badger them. Keep silence, and we'll get you safe across."

BEATING DOWN PRICES.—Some people pride themselves on a certain sharpness in making bargains. Mr. Gough said in one of his lectures, upon information derived personally from English convicts, that not a few of that unfortunate class of persons had formerly been venders of vegetables, fruit, matches, and such-like small wares, and by that humble means had tried hard to gain an honest livelihood. And they ascribed their failure and fall partly to the fact that their customers were so persistently in the habit of beating them down in their prices, that they found it impossible to earn a living by fair and honest dealing, and were at length tempted to a course of double-dealing, which led them step by step into lying, cheating, stealing, and finally to public degradation and the prison. We think that there is more than a grain of truth in this. At all events, one of the minor morals is, to give a poor man a fair price for his labor or his wares.

RICE BIRDS.—The rice birds of Carolina were once considered a great pest by some people. The little creatures gather round the fields in harvest-time, and of course eat a good deal of grain. Some years ago it was determined to make war on them, and drive them off; and the effort partially succeeded. "What were the birds good for?" The rice planter soon found out; for with the decrease of the birds the worms increased so fast, that instead of a few scattering grains to feed the birds, the whole crop was wanted to fill the hungry maw of the army which came to destroy every young shoot that sprung up. The birds were invited back again with a hearty welcome. Rice cannot be cultivated without them.

☞ More than ten suicides take place every day in France. Last year four thousand persons committed suicide.

LATEST NEWS.

Official Gazette.

WASHINGTON, May 28.—To Major-General John A. Dix: An official dispatch from the Headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, at Magahick Church, ten miles from Hanovertown, dated yesterday afternoon at 5 P. M., has just been received.

It states that our army was withdrawn to the north side of the North Anna, on Thursday night, and moved towards Hanovertown, the place designated for the crossing of the Pamunkey. At 3 o'clock yesterday (Friday) morning, Sheridan, with the First and Second Divisions of Cavalry, took possession of Hanover Ferry and Hanovertown, finding there only a rebel vidette.

The first division of the Sixth Corps arrived at ten o'clock, A. M., and now holds the place with a sufficient force of cavalry, infantry and artillery, to resist any attack likely to be made upon him. The remainder of the corps are pressing forward with rapidity.

The weather is fine and the roads perfect.

A later dispatch, dated at 7 o'clock this morning, the 28th, from the headquarters at Magahick Church, has also been received. It reports that everything goes on finely. The weather is clear and cool. The troops come up rapidly and in great spirit, and the army will be beyond the Pamunkey by noon.

Breckinridge is at Hanover Court House, with a force variously reported at from 3,000 to 10,000. Wickham's and Lomax's brigades of cavalry are also there.

The despatch further states, that after seizing Hanover Ferry, Gen. Torbert captured 75 cavalry, including 6 officers; that the rebel cavalry is exceedingly demoralized, and flies before us on every occasion.

A dispatch from Gen. Sherman, dated May 28, 8 A. M., near Dallas, reports the enemy, discovering his move to turn Alatoona, moved to meet our forces at Dallas. Our columns met the enemy about one mile east of the Pumpkin Vine creek, and we pushed them back about three miles, to the point where the roads fork to Atlanta and Marietta. Here Johnson has chosen a strong line, and made hasty but strong parapets of lumber and earth.

Gen. Sherman's right is at Dallas, and the centre about three miles north. The country is densely wooded and broken. There are no roads of any consequence. We have had many sharp encounters, but nothing decisive.

No dispatches from any other field of operations have been received to-day.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

☞ GARIBALDI RELICS.—The Duke of Sutherland's carriage, in which Garibaldi entered London, is little better than a wreck. The spokes are shattered, the sides loosened, the linings torn and spoiled, the box nearly, and the rumble quite broken from the body. It is a wonder how it reached Sutherland House, the people were almost crazy to obtain a relic of the hero's triumphal entrance. This may be very complimentary to Garibaldi, but the duke, who lost a carriage, hardly relished it.

☞ The physicians in Paris have discovered a certain specific for whooping-cough. The child is sent to a neighboring gas manufactory to inhale for a few minutes the vapors which rise from the lime used to purify gas; two or three visits effect a radical cure.

☞ Extravagance is the rule and economy the exception in California. "Easily got, easily spent," say the miners. The San Francisco Bulletin says that "there are men who were poor, and not ashamed of it, within five years, in San Francisco, who now tell, without a blush, that they cannot live on ten thousand dollars a year." The same is true of the Atlantic States.

☞ There is considerable opposition in London to the further construction of underground or tunnel railways. Sir Joseph Paxton, the well known architect, says their extension would be an unbearable nuisance; and other equally good authorities declare that if the tunnel lines are worked with engines of ordinary construction, the amount of steam which would escape would give the Londoners the atmosphere of a washing-tub.

☞ Mrs. Hansen, widow of Valentine Hansen, who was hung at St. Louis not many days ago, has married a soldier at Jefferson Barracks. She had remained a widow just eight days.

☞ ART OF COMPLEXION.—A curious work on cosmetics, recently published, strongly condemns *rouge* and pearl powder, but informs the ladies how they may give color to their cheeks without danger. Thus: Take a fragment of bright crimson silk, dip it in spirits of wine, and rub it over the cheeks till a moderate tint appears. This defies detection, it says, and is harmless. But mind, ladies, we do not warrant it, nor approve of deceiving the male sex by hanging out false colors.

☞ They thought in England that the rebels had gained possession of the Mississippi by the capture of Fort Pillow, and the Confederate loan advanced!

☞ CZAR.—The title of Czar is a corruption of Cæsar. It was first used as a title by Ivan II. of Russia, about the year 1579.

☞ Mr. Palgrave says, that in the kingdom of Warhabi, Central Arabia, it is so great a sin to wear silk dresses, that, in comparison with it, murder or theft is regarded as a trifling offence. If the "Ladies' Convention" adhere to their rules, we shall soon here regard silk dresses as they do in Warhabi.

☞ Mdlle. Patti has just come of age, and it is stated that one of the first acts of her majority was to settle an annuity of 6,000 francs ($1,200) a year upon her father, and another of like amount upon her mother.

SPRING'S SHADOW.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY T. J. CHAMBERS.

The golden sunbeams brightly fall
Upon the silvery stream;
The flowers, the leaves, the grass and all
With dazzling splendors beam.
The birds above me in the bowers
Pour forth their sweetest lays,
As slow I wile away the hours
Through fragrant forest ways.

The air is filled with sounds of Spring;
The odors lightly pass
Of nameless wild flowers opening
Among the waving grass.
The rocks are clothed in tender green,
The maples thickly spread;
The ash-tree waves its quivering screen
Unceasing o'er my head.

The pine tree, with its dark green boughs,
Arises high o'er all;
The forest dense and gloomy shows
It's rocky, solemn wall.
The streamlet with its music sweeps
The pebbles at my feet;
Along the high and flowery steeps
The winds are passing sweet.

And yet the scene is incomplete;
There is a missing flower;—
It is not by the streamlet sweet,
Nor in the shady bower.
Amid the blushing flowers I call
For one who does not come;
No voice comes from the rocky wall,
The trees and flowers are dumb.

Ah! I remember long ago
I wandered down those ways,
Where lilies droop and roses glow
In Spring and Autumn days.
But then I wandered not alone,
For she was by my side;
My beautiful wild flower—my own—
My love—to be my bride.

Oh, Spring! that com'st with light and song,
With bright and glowing hours,
Canst thou not bring her back along
With sunny skies and flowers?
Oh! with thy sweet and beauteous toys,
With fields and forest gay,
Thou bring'st a shadow with thy joys
That ne'er can pass away.

Ryerson's Station, Pa.

DEAR LITTLE JOHNNY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY G. G.

CHAPTER I.

"I think I'll go shopping to-day," said pretty little Mrs. Peters, as she fastened her collar with a decorative bow, and then turned her head on one side to observe the effect. "It's a lovely day, and I am really longing to spend those charming, crisp, new notes, you gave me, Tom."

"Tom," who was diligently engaged at his own bureau in brushing and otherwise arranging his handsome hair, replied rather absently, "Certainly, dear!"

"Yes," pursued Mrs. Peters, "Mary Stedman said she would be here, to-day; and she is such a good shopper—beside, I want some things for dear little Johnny," casting a maternal glance towards a roomy crib that stood by the bed, and in which reposed a chubby specimen of humanity, aged about six.

"Tilly!" said Mr. Peters, suddenly; "do you know I've been thinking that it would be a good thing for Johnny to go to school."

"Oh! Tom!" with a quaver in her voice; "you know I am teaching him his letters—and they would be so severe with him at school, and perhaps some naughty boys might hurt him."

"As for that," returned Tom, giving a final touch to his "mazy locks"—"a little severity might not be a bad thing, and I dare say Master John could hold his own against the boys, he is a lively, healthy chap enough."

"I'm sure I am glad he is," replied the mother; "you know Professor Williams quite admired what he called his physical organization."

"Yes," said her husband; "but I don't think he admired it quite so much when Johnny twisted his collar, jammed his hat, and by way of a finish pulled his wig on one side."

To this staggerer Mrs. Peters discreetly made no reply, she had wit enough not to argue on such a point, but immediately changed her course of sailing.

"Dear Tom!" she said in a beseeching tone, "I shall be so lonely without him—I can't bear to let him go."

"Well, never mind, love," said Tom, kissing the rosy little mouth; "I don't suppose it makes much difference about his going just yet; "only," with a dubious glance towards the crib, "I do think he needs a little training."

But Mrs. Peters put an end to such thinking by a tender embrace, and a declaration that he was just the best husband any woman ever had. So the two went lovingly down stairs together, leaving Master Johnny still deep in youthful slumbers—one of the privileges on which the small tyrant insisted as a right, was that of sitting up until nine or ten o'clock; in consequence of which he slept late in the morning, getting up when he pleased, and taking his breakfast (a hearty one) in whatever room he fancied, waited on by his loving mamma and the maid, Sarah, an individual who regarded the young pacha with a secret fear, mixed with a moderate degree of affection, and a very large portion of indignation and wrath, ready to be unbottled at a moment's notice. The cook, Martha—who together with Sarah formed the domestic corps—was a philosopher; she calmly looked upon Master John as a young gentleman who was qualifying himself as fast as possible for all kinds of ill doings, that would terminate in the penitentiary—or worse—and was therefore never astonished, or in any manner thrown out of her course by circumstances that upset poor Sarah's equilibrium altogether—though one reason for her placidity was that Johnny never indulged himself at her expense; in fact (philosopher though she was, or perhaps in virtue of that) there was a certain something in her eye before which Johnny quailed; he therefore kept at a respectful distance, and never invaded Martha's domain.

After Mr. Peters had departed for the business of the day, Mrs. Peters proceeded, with a light feather duster, to carefully give various dexterous touches to such delicate articles, ornamenting the parlor, as she preferred attending to herself. Among these was an affair in particular which Mrs. Peters never allowed any one else to handle. This was an outrageously ugly waiter on which stood various articles for the decoction and quaffing of an absurdly small quantity of tea. These things were, if possible, more ugly than the waiter, which was of the same material; the whole being of such distorted shapes and hideous forms—being representations of impish heads and faces—that one would imagine the slumbers following the tea-drinking would be of a decidedly unpleasant nature. But these things were the pride of the tender little heart that beat in the breast of Mrs. Peters. Now Mrs. Peters was not vain of her pretty person, but she was vain of her tea-set, that certainly did look like a most heathenish affair, to say the least of it. Unlike a great many people, Mrs. Peters not only had had a grandfather, but a great-great-grandfather, and, of course, a great-great-grandmother. To this far-off ancestress the tea-set once belonged, having been brought to her as a token of affection by the aforesaid old gentleman—who was then quite in his prime—after a long voyage he had taken. This relic of the past, being the only one Mrs. Peters possessed, was an immense treasure, that she would have saved at the risk of her life, had the house been on fire. Mary Stedman—who had had a grandfather to be sure, but one not much to boast of—rather turned up her nose at the treasure, and had sometimes made disparaging remarks concerning it, which had caused Mrs. Peters to say with great stateliness—"You certainly cannot deny its antiquity, Mary!"

To which Mary would reply with a short laugh: "Oh, no! certainly not."

While the owner of these wares was carefully removing any specks of dust therefrom, Miss Mary was announced. They greeted each other with much pleasure, and settling themselves on a lounge, commenced a chat. Among other things, Mrs. Peters dilated on the fright she had had that morning, when "Tom" suggested school for Johnny.

"Do you know, Mary," said she, "that Tom thinks Johnny gets into mischief because he needs something to do, and that if he went to school he would behave better. Now, Mary, the dear little fellow don't do any mischief. He is lively, to be sure—"

An awful crash in the room above left the sentence unfinished. Both ladies sprang up, and after gazing wildly in each other's faces, rushed up stairs.

Johnny had awakened about the time his mother and her guest commenced their conversation. Soon his thoughts reverted to a subject in which he had been deeply interested the night before; this was an account of a shipwreck which his father read aloud, and the incident of tying a signal of distress to a broken mast, had particularly struck Johnny's fancy. After a while he sat up; he was a sailor cast away in a boat—the crib. No, he was not in a boat, but on a lonely wreck—the whole room. That being the case, the next thing was to put up a signal of distress. Johnny now stood up and gazed around with his brow knit, his red lips tightly closed, and his bright blue eyes searching diligently for a substitute for the broken mast. In a corner of the room stood Mrs. Peters's Christmas gift to her husband—a shaving-stand, with a large swinging glass attached. This structure was light and airy, and altogether of an ornamental character, Mrs. Peters having a fancy for that style of furniture. It rested delicately on three fragile feet, while the top terminated in a spiral point high above the mirror, and on which Johnny's eyes instantly fastened, as being the very thing of all this the most appropriate for the occasion.

Seizing one of his sheets, and getting nimbly out of his crib, he dragged a chair to the base of his operations and commenced the ascent—in less than two minutes he had reached the top, lost his balance, and tumbled over; bringing down stand and all, a wreck indeed. He had not yet recovered his wits when the two ladies, followed by Sarah, arrived upon the scene: as the young navigator had lighted on his nose when he descended, he now presented a gory appearance. His mother uttered the most dismal lamentations as she raised him in her arms—which he more than echoed on seeing the bloody stream; however, as he had plenty of spirit, he soon ceased his cries, and then an investigation began.

It must be confessed that Mrs. Peters was rather backward in this, and that it was owing to Miss Stedman and Sarah that all the circumstances at last came to light—on which Mrs. Peters had the weakness to say in rather an entreating tone—"He always does listen so attentively to all his papa reads; and then—dear little fellow!—how truthful he is to tell us all about it."

Miss Stedman said in a severe voice—"Tilly! do you mean to make excuses for him?" while Sarah lifted her eyes and hands in mute protestation.

Mrs. Peters evaded the two advocates of Justice by declaring Johnny must be washed and dressed without delay, the sight of his bloody night-gown made her feel faint. After that, as the dear child was exhausted—not that he appeared so—no time must be lost in giving him his breakfast; and that over Mrs. Peters said—

"Now, Mary, the sooner we get off the better—I'm afraid those silks that you told me of will be gone."

CHAPTER II.

Once on the field of action the powers of Miss Stedman fully proved themselves. Without allowing her attention to be distracted by the fair show on either side of her—tempting ambuscades into which eager and unwary shoppers fall—she held strictly to her line of march; and led her friend in triumph to a counter of silks, where in the course of three minutes they were deeply plunged into a sea of admiration, criticism, calculation and consultation; from which they finally emerged fully united on the important point—namely, that a certain charming fabric of a delicate and lovely hue, decidedly of the "very last style" was the very thing of all others that Mrs. Peters ought to appropriate without delay. This important matter settled, the two ladies, being of course in a state of exhaustion after the strain upon the mind which they had endured, lost no time in making their way to a confectioner's to recruit on ice-cream, cakes, and a few trifles of like description. Having just been told, however, by the obsequious clerk that the dress should be sent home without delay—unlucky promptness!

Strengthened anew for the combat, the ladies now proceeded in quest of various articles for Master Johnny—these things, though small in size, being of mighty importance, much time was spent in procuring them. But at last, all accomplished, the two friends parted with a sense of great and mutual satisfaction, Mrs. Peters turning her face homewards with a pocket well filled with confections for dear little Johnny.

To her surprise, the door was opened by Martha instead of Sarah; the face of the philosopher was as calm as usual, but a close observer might have noticed a certain animation in the corner of her eye, that showed something had roused her interest. But no sooner had the door fairly closed than Sarah rushed forward. Now Sarah was a person of prim and tidy aspect, the whitest of aprons and the neatest of caps adorned Sarah. But alack the day! such was no longer her distinguishing mark. The cap was gone, evidently having been torn away by some violent hand, and altogether, Sarah presented such a rumpled and disordered appearance that Mrs. Peters stood aghast.

Sarah extended her arms, waving them frantically, and gasping like a fish, without uttering a word. At last the torrent burst forth, but nothing could be distinguished but—

"Oh! ma'am!—sich a doing—all ruined—so be youtiful—and for to see sich—"

Poor Mrs. Peters leaned against the wall. "Johnny!" she said faintly.

"*He's* not hurt, ma'am," said Martha; the merest echo of a sniff seeming to express that it would be better if he were.

Mrs. Peters revived. "What *is* the matter, Sarah?" she asked.

Sarah giving a distracted wave of her arm, and turning towards the stair-case, her mistress followed her, and on entering her own room beheld her purchase of the morning, unrolled on the floor, covered with ink, and completely ruined.

Mrs. Peters gasped very much in the way poor Sarah had just done; quite overcome she sank into a chair that stood by her; but this chair having just been used in a grand battle, was minus a leg; consequently Mrs. Peters came violently upon the floor, totally changing the shape of her bonnet, to say nothing of rasping the tip of her charming little nose. She rose with her eyes flashing.

"Who did this?" she cried; "who—who did?"—glancing about her savagely.

"When you was gone, ma'am," began Sarah, with many a sob and sigh, "I did up my work, reg'lar as usual, sich being my way, as you know, ma'am, Master Johnny, he playing with his blocks, quite quiet-like, for once. Well, ma'am, after all was done, Master Johnny said he wanted a lunch; while I was a getting of it ready, he got out his pa's big ink-stand, and just as I called him down to his lunch your be-youtiful dress came—"

Here Sarah's voice was washed under by a sea of sobs and tears, when it came to the surface again it was describing in doleful accents how Johnny had barely tasted his lunch, and then hastened up-stairs to his mother's room. "He said, ma'am, as how he would see what your new dress was like. 'Oh! no! Master Johnny!' says I. He went on dreadful to see, and broke the leg of that chair, ma'am, besides tearing the cap off my head; but all at once'e he stopped short and said he was going to write a letter—being what he can't do, ma'am, as you know—and sent me to Martha to berry a sheet of paper, I not seeing the ink because of the flutter I was in. When I came back—oh, ma'am!—the dress was on the floor, and he a opening it. 'Hurray!' says he, jumping up quick—with that his foot hit the table, over it went—the cork was out of the ink-stand—"

Here the voice was submerged again.

Mrs. Peters looked around—one blue eye peeping cautiously from behind the open door, betrayed the hiding-place of the culprit. Let us draw a veil over the scene that followed—it is enough to say that to the great indignation of Sarah and the calm scorn of Martha, Mrs. Peters weakly yielded to her tyrant, and finally unloaded her pockets to the satisfaction of the despot.

Not that Mrs. Peters did not have the feelings of a woman—far from it. She examined the ruined silk with tears in her eyes; nay, more—those briny drops flowed down her pretty cheeks. She did not let Johnny see those tears—no, indeed—"the dear little fellow is so tender-hearted," she thought. Emotions are exhausting. Mrs. Peters found them so, and determined to regain strength in repose; she requested Johnny to seek the society of Sarah and Martha, but Johnny declined; he did not wish to encounter Martha's eye, particularly so soon after recent events; even Sarah's company might not be as pleasant as usual—he would look at pictures: so after arranging a large supply around him, Mrs. Peters forgot her troubles in sleep. At least her waking troubles, dismal dreams soon began to oppress her, and after a half-hour's slumber, she suddenly sat up, and of course looked for Johnny immediately—he was gone!

CHAPTER III.

Johnny had amused himself quietly and happily with the pictures for about twelve minutes and a half. Then he became utterly wearied of them. He pushed away "the ugly things," and sat with a pouting lip and frowning brow; then he gazed idly out of window—some little street children were playing by the gutter with a little broken set cups and saucers; now Johnny had no cups and saucers, for he disdained "girls' playthings," but seeing the enjoyment of the children he began to think that to play tea-party was something delightful; the desire to try the new pleasure of course followed the thought. Down in the parlor were little cups and saucers, with tea-pots and all sorts of things, prettier than those wooden ones—Johnny vanished.

Twenty minutes after when Johnny, seated at a fancy table with the cherished heir-loom spread out before him, looked up and saw his mother standing at the door with an expression he had never seen before, such a guilty quiver ran through him, that when it terminated in his legs, those sturdy members came with such a violent jerk against the frail table (if poor Mrs. Peters only *would* have picked out more substantial furniture) that the tea-set, table and all came to the ground. Johnny raised a woeful howl, he had never seen his mother look as she did then, it was worse than Martha's eye; for the first time the little rascal experienced the dread of punishment—was his throne tottering beneath him?

Sarah heard the crash and the howl; she rushed in—Johnny was cowering on the floor; his mother pointed with a relentless finger towards him—

"Take that child and put him to bed IMMEDIATELY!"

Sarah obeyed in speechless awe and fear; Johnny was mute from the same causes. When Martha quietly looked in the parlor a moment after, she saw Mrs. Peters seated, and gazing with a stony eye at her smashed treasures.

Martha withdrew with a satisfied nod of her wise head; after reaching her own apartment, she planted herself in front of the fire; her eyes literally sparkled.

"He's done for himself now!" she said, with a powerful sniff.

Johnny lay in his crib, utterly lost in amazement at finding himself there; Sarah sat by the window engaged in sewing, her mind as busily occupied as Johnny's in wondering what would come next. Mrs. Peters entered the room with a determined step; without a word she arrayed herself in walking attire; on the threshold of the door she paused—

"Sarah!" said she, in such stern accents that Sarah started, and so did Johnny—"if Mr. Peters comes home before I do, tell him I have gone to make arrangements to send Master Johnny to school to-morrow!"

"Yes, ma'am!" replied Sarah, with a gasp.

To Johnny the world seemed turning upside down; he attempted to scream, but the cry died away in his throat.

Sarah strained her eyes after her mistress going down the street—"Now I wonder," she muttered, "if she will really do it?"

But she did.

THE WELL-MATCHED PLAYERS;

OR, A GAME OF BRAG.

It is possible that many respectable persons may be unaware of the attributes and nature of the game at Brag; more popular though it be, as a method of making money to change hands, than any other invention under the sun, and counting its devotees by thousands in the Old World and in the New. A gentleman, on board a United States river-steamboat, once "bragged" at this game no less than two millions of dollars; and upon his antagonists doubting whether he possessed the money, produced a little carpet-bag crammed with notes to a much greater amount than the sum named. It turned out that he was a government commissioner in charge of the money to pay the troops in Texas, and had thus taken advantage of his opportunity to back his cards for an amount that put all competition out of the question. In America, this entrancing pursuit, under the *alias* of "Poker," causes more speculation than all Wall Street. In India, officers in Her Majesty's service on sick-leave in the hills, play it unceasingly, with their hats cocked over their eyes to conceal the working of their intelligent countenances, and even—as we are assured—with masks on; for a gentleman who possesses expressive features should not play "brag"—for reasons that will presently appear—and there is even a theory that the vacant looks of the officers of the household troops are caused by their wish to become proficients at this extraordinary and important pastime.

It is a game which is played with cards, three of which are dealt to each person. The best hand that can possibly be obtained is that which consists of three aces; the next best, three kings, three queens, three knaves, &c; after these, which, of course, seldom occur, *two* aces, *two* kings, *two* queens, &c., are excellent cards to "brag" upon; then sequences; then pips of the same suit, the ace counting for eleven. Nothing can be simpler than this; and besides it, there is no skill to be acquired whatever, but simply the art of dissimulation. Having got my hand (I never played this hateful game in my life, but write in the first person for the sake of perspicuity and ease), which consists, say, of two twos, I keep them carefully to myself, and upon being asked by the dealer if I brag, I reply: "Yes, certainly," with the air of a man who has three tens at least. Some of the company have such bad hands, that they don't brag at all, but throw them up at once, and forfeit their stakes for that deal; others like myself decide to "brag." If the brag is unlimited as to stake, as it too often is, I say: "I brag five pounds, or ten, or twenty;" then such of the rest as are not alarmed at the magnitude of that sum, brag the same; and each adds that money to the pool. In other words, each bets his twenty pounds (suppose) that his hand is better than that of any other person in the company. It may be a very bad hand indeed, and yet by offering to back it with large sums, and a fearless impudence of manner, he may frighten his neighbors into believing that it is a very good one, and so into relinquishing their chance. Everything depends, it will be seen, upon secrecy and resolution. It was at this game that President Lincoln's Commissary lost that great sum intended for the store department, playing with gamblers having a confederate in the room above, who could see his cards through a hole in the floor, and communicated their value to his accomplices.

There is, however, this check upon inordinate bragging: any player, upon paying twice the amount of the previous "brag," is privileged to look at another player's hand—at mine, for instance. If his cards are better than my two twos, he, of course, has nothing to fear from me, at all events, and goes on staking; and he sometimes goes on, if they are *worse*, either to frighten me out of the field, or to induce me to give *him* twice the previous brag to look at *his* hand. Brag is, in short, the merest excuse for betting, that was ever called a game; in addition to which, it renders deception absolutely necessary; for if it was guessed by a player's genuine air and manner that he had really a good hand, his opponents would not stake at all, and he would reap no gains beyond the small sum originally placed in the pool by each. It will easily be understood that the cards must not have the least mark upon the backs of them; and therefore, white cards are commonly used in this exciting contest—for amusement it can scarcely be called. Now, in that railway which connects the two great commercial towns of Lancashire, many of the everyday passengers are accustomed to while away the journey by playing cards together; they know one another, and make up their rubbers beforehand, and even have certain carriages retained at either terminus for their especial accommodation and diversion. Whist is of course the usual game among them, but with some of the juniors, that beautiful science is voted dull and slow, and they play Brag instead—a disgraceful taste, which is very properly reprobated by the rest, and stigmatized as "sheer gambling," even by those who pass their mid-days in the Stock Exchange, and risk hundreds and thousands upon scrip and share. However, it so happened last July, that I, a chance passenger between Liverpool and Manchester, with a return-ticket for the day, found myself in a first-class carriage, occupied by five gentlemen, playing at this redoubtable game; and without having the least desire to join them, I watched their proceedings with some attention, and was rewarded by witnessing what was admitted by all to be an unprecedented occurrence, and one well worthy, if not of immortal verse, at least of printed record. For the first twenty minutes, I should mention, they played whist—of course with two packs of cards—but upon the remonstrance of the gentleman who found himself cut out, and obliged to make room for the fifth man at the railway rug, which was their card-table, they changed that game to Brag.

While my moral nature was shocked, I could not help being interested by the secretiveness of each competitor, by the air of confidence with which they backed an indifferent hand, by the affected hesitation with which they continued to brag upon a good one, and by their close scanning of one another's countenances, in which nothing but cunning and avarice were to be traced. And yet, in the sense of playing for high stakes, they were not gambling. A sovereign or thirty shillings was the most that had been lost by any person, when presently, the rest having thrown up their hands, two players began to back their cards at such considerably higher sums, as to arouse everybody's curiosity to know what they were staking on.

"Let me look at you, Jones," cried one: "I'm not playing, you know, and Smith will never be able to tell anything by my face."

"That is true, my dear fellow," replied Jones coolly. "If want of expression could beget confidence, one could trust in your face as much as in any man's. But I can't let you see my cards. Smith, I brag five pounds."

"I brag ten," was the response. "And allow me to warn you as a friend not to back yourself extravagantly, for you'll lose, my Jones, and you're a family man."

Here took place a burst of laughter: this was a new ruse indeed, to affect interest in the state of an adversary's pocket, in order to make him give in.

"Well," replied Jones, "you're a bachelor, it is true, but you cannot afford to lose twenty-five pounds, and that is the amount of my next brag."

"I brag twenty-five pounds also," remarked Smith, cheerfully.

"Then I will brag fifty pounds," returned Jones; "and rather than go on, I solemnly tell you, you should give me a hundred to look at my hand."

"I wouldn't give a farthing to look at your hand," answered the other scornfully. "I am really sorry to ruin you, but your obstinacy brings it upon yourself. You will have to part with Mrs. Jones's piano as it is, I expect."

"Sir," replied Jones, with resolution, "upon the cards which I hold here I would brag Mrs. Jones herself with the utmost confidence."

"You had better not," responded the bachelor, darkly. And again there was a shriek of laughter from the audience who were not permitted to be spectators.

"Now, my dear Smith, let us understand one another. If you continue to play this game, you will never ride in a first-class carriage again. I should be sorry to be the means of driving you into the 'parliamentary.' Tell me how much money you can afford to lose without going to jail, and I will brag *that*."

"I will brag two hundred and fifty pounds," quoth Smith, calmly; "and you had better give me a bill of cash upon your furniture at once. I am quite sure you haven't got so much in your banker's hands."

"I will brag five hundred," answered Jones, with his teeth clenched. "I will brag my house and garden; I will brag myself and my government situation. If, instead of being in the express-train, we were in the middle ages, and you were the Old Gentleman himself, I warn you that I would brag my soul."

"Then you would lose it," responded Smith, "to a dead certainty, and I should have made a very indifferent bargain. Now, listen. Let the last brag of two hundred and fifty stand; and Robinson and Lloyd shall look at my hand, and Brown at yours. Then we will be bound by their advice, and if they say to either of us 'Stop,' we will do so."

"Very good," quoth Jones; showing his cards with a grim smile to his left-hand neighbor. I would have given anything to see them also, but being a stranger, I did not venture to ask to do so. "Do you think, Brown, I ought to give in to Smith with a hand like this, or do you not?"

"It is quite impossible," observed Mr. Brown, solemnly, "that any man should give up such cards. I think, under the cir-

cumstances, that I am almost justified in saying that Smith cannot win."

"What do *you* say?" inquired Smith, turning the face of his cards to his two friends with the most careful secrecy, and watching for their reply with triumphant confidence.

"It's absurd," quoth Mr. Robibson; "you're sure of winning."

"I would lay a thousand pounds upon such cards," said Mr. Lloyd.

"Stop!" exclaimed Jones; "I will brag a thousand pounds myself, and what he can't pay, I will let him off, after having sold his books and personal clothing. We are now getting close to Manchester. Let us each wrap up our cards in a newspaper, and go into the station, and get them sealed up; then we can call for them in the evening, and brag all the way home. You miserable Smith! you set out this morning in competence; you will return a beggar."

"You will indeed," corroborated Mr. Brown.

"Unhappy Jones," quoth Smith; "certainly, those whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad. This morning, you probably complained of the kidneys being underdone at breakfast. To-morrow, your wife and children will be in want of daily bread."

"They will indeed," echoed Messrs. Lloyd and Robinson.

"Gentlemen," said I, "it seems to me this matter will never be settled except by arbitration. I have not the honor of the personal acquaintance of any of you, but I am an honest man; and if both the players will show their cards to me, I will tell them truly which ought to give in. This will be better and more pleasing, I am sure, whether to winner or loser, than the utter ruin of either of them can possibly be."

"I am quite content with that arrangement," observed Smith, "although, of course, it is a pecuniary sacrifice."

"You're a noble fellow!" exclaimed Messrs. Lloyd and Robinson, with irrepressible admiration.

"Then I am also content," remarked Jones, "although I must needs lose by such an arrangement."

"Generous being!" exclaimed Mr. Brown enthusiastically. "Yes, he needs must lose."

I rose from my seat, and looked over Smith's cards. He had three aces—the best hand that any man can hold. I turned from him, with sorrow in my heart for the poor married man, and looked over Jones's cards. *He had three aces also!* When they left off playing whist, the white packs had got somehow mixed together, and so the two gentlemen had had all their excitement for nothing. They had each enjoyed the luxury of ruining a friend, in imagination, and of being magnanimous at a cheap rate; and if it had not been for the interposition of the present writer, it is my belief that they would have been bragging still.

MARGARET TUDOR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BEATRICE COLONNA.

DISCLOSURES.—PART FOURTH.

Under the magnificent larches so picturesquely grouped upon the lawn at Castle Beaumont, were placed a number of tables, covered with snowy linen, glittering with plate, and heaped with a variety of those appetizing edibles which constitute an English breakfast. The morning was delightful; the air pure, and balmy with the fragrance of the wild-flowers which lurked in the wooded hollows beside the little brook that ran at the foot of the lawn. The sun was veiled by that slight mist which renders English distances so charming, and the guests of Lord Beaumont, just risen from the tables, were scattered over the lawn, the light-colored dresses of the ladies enlivening the dark back-ground of thickly-clustered sycamores.

Henry Lisle, with a light straw hat crowded over his abundant curls, was slowly promenading, having on one side, Elinor Egmont, in a lilac muslin, her hands filled with the flowers he had gathered for her before breakfast, and her hat hanging from her arm by its broad purple ribands, and on the other his sister Rae, in rose-color, her black braids glistening in the sun as she danced along at his elbow.

Behind them sauntered Lord Dacre with Louise Lisle on his arm, but following Miss Egmont's graceful form with his eyes, as he interchanged some lively badinage with his coquettish companion.

"Who has Lord Beaumont with him now?" said Louise, interrupting herself in a flow of remarks which were more personal than witty.

Reginald glanced in the direction indicated, and exclaimed,

"Why it is—no—it cannot be Constance Balfour!"

Lord Beaumont now approached them with a tall, handsome brunette, with large languishing black eyes, and dressed with extreme elegance.

"I have an old friend to present to you, Dacre," said the marquis.

"You have not forgotten me, Reginald?" said the brunette, extending a small, ungloved hand, and beginning to speak rapidly, and with great vivacity.

The marquis offered his arm to Louise, and the new-arrival taking that of Reginald, led him away in an opposite direction.

"It is five years since I last saw you," she said, "and you were then Reginald Thurston."

"You were then Constance Balfour."

"And now I am Madame de Garoral. Do you think I am changed?"

"Not in the least, except that your form is somewhat fuller, which is an improvement, I think."

"Yes, embonpoint is the fashion at our court since the Empress has shown herself inclined that way. I have a friend, Madlle. de Liceoalle, who practices a regular system in fattening herself, eggs and cream three times a day, and vegetables ad libitum."

"Do you belong to the court?"

"Yes, as Comptesse de Garoral, that is my privilege."

"And Monsieur le Compte?"

"Monsieur le Compte is now but a memory, his nephew reigns in his stead."

"Pardon me, I had not heard."

"That I was a widow! n'importe, I am not inconsolable. We look upon such matters so differently in France. Monsieur was much older than myself. It was altogether a marriage de convenance. He was very indulgent, and made me a large settlement. I am now rich, free, and Comptesse de Garoral, except to my friends, to them I always desire to be Constance." And the dark eyes looked full into his with an expression which meant particularly to *you*.

"Who is that?" queried Madame de Garoral, as Elinor passed them with her cousin Harry.

"Which, the gentleman, or the lady?"

"The lady."

"That is Miss Egmont," replied Reginald, enraged at feeling himself change color under her inquisitive eyes; and added hastily, "She is a Venetian artist, the adopted daughter of Sir Charles Egmont's widow."

"That face is familiar to me. Where can I have seen her before—in Paris?"

"Perhaps," said Reginald, carelessly.

"She is very beautiful, is she not?"

"Yes—no, not particularly."

"She has made such an impression upon me, that I desire to look at her again. Let us follow them."

"Reginald complied, half reluctantly. As they approached Miss Egmont and her cousin, Elinor looked back over her shoulder, her color very much heightened, her hair, loosened by the pressure of her hat, falling partly over one side of her face, and curling loosely around her cheek.

"It is Margaret Tudor!" said Madame de Garoral, striking her hands together.

"Constance," said Reginald, in an undertone, "I have seen Margaret twice since I last saw you."

"What do you mean?" asked the countess, her eyes enlarged to circles with astonishment.

"I mean that I saw her at Venice, about two months after her death, and at Tudor Park, in a masquerade.

"Ah!"

"The first time she was ghastly, frightful, as you remember her after her illness; the second time, she was beautiful as she used to be, but so pale."

"And you saw her in a masquerade?"

"Yes."

"Was Miss Egmont present?"

"I do not know—but I think very probably."

"It was she whom you saw."

"But she questioned me, this apparition, with regard to—"

"Do not you suppose she has been told all the circumstances of that affair? You are not so unimportant as you may think yourself, and she may have been warned against you."

"Ah that probability never occurred to me. I have remarked since our first acquaintance, that she has been very cold and distant to me. Then she took advantage of this knowledge to punish me for my cruelty to one of her sex! She is as vindictive as a Corsican."

"Yes," murmured Madame de Garoral, who did not quite approve of the glance which Reginald cast upon the unconscious Elinor.

When Lord Dacre and Madame de Garoral entered the summer-parlor, they found quite a number of persons grouped around a gentleman who was coloring a sketch which he had just completed. Among them were several amateurs who were engaged in a very animated discussion upon back-grounds, and fore-grounds, perspective, breadth and depth of coloring, and lights and shadows, when, upon some mooted point, Miss Egmont delivered an opinion with so much accuracy and decision, that it was immediately remarked that she must be an artist,

"She is an artist," said Rae Lisle," and yet we have never seen one of her drawings, or paintings."

"Here is a superb sheet of drawing-paper, and some nicely-pointed pencils. Come, Elinor, prove yourself a worthy compatriot of Titian and Raffaelle," said Harry Lisle, drawing a chair to the table, and quietly placing Elinor within it.

Glancing around her, Elinor perceived Lord Beaumont and Reginald standing in the doorway, and, between them, the beautiful dark face of Madame de Garoral. Averting her head, she began to draw rapidly, and with a masterly touch.

The drawing was completed, a dash of coloring added, and the sketch delivered to Harry for his inspection.

"What, that is the great oak at Tudor Park!" exclaimed Rae, pulling down Harry's hand until the drawing was on a level with her eyes.

"And that is Reginald," cried Louise, looking over Rae's shoulder. "But where have I seen the female figure, with the blonde hair knotted with carnation-colored ribbons? It is strange it should be so very familiar!"

"It is Margaret Tudor!" said Madame de Garoral, bending eagerly forward to look at it, while Reginald stood petrified as if he had seen the Gorgon's head.

It is beautiful! It is strange! The resemblance is wonderful! Do you recollect her? Did she ever see her? were rapidly ejaculated by those around Elinor, who had taken a fresh sheet of paper, and was again sketching rapidly.

Lord Beaumont was standing beside Reginald, his hand on his shoulder, his eyes riveted upon the picture.

"Is it Margaret Tudor?" he half-whispered in Reginald's ear.

"My God! yes," was the reply.

"And that other figure?"

"Myself."

"Then you were—"

"She was my betrothed. I murdered her, and she will never cease to haunt me," groaned Reginald. "But this girl—this Venetian—how could she know—"

"Hush!" whispered the marquis; "you are observed. Why do you not question her?"

"I cannot," replied Reginald, sinking upon a chair, and bowing his head on his clasped hands.

Madame de Garoral now approached him, and bending over him until his fair curls mingled with her dark braids, murmured,

"Is not this mysterious? She could not have seen Margaret."

"And that scene—the scene under the oak was so—How could she have known it?"

Madame de Garoral sighed, and shook her lovely head.

Elinor raised her head; the marquis was standing by her side. By an almost imperceptible movement she covered the drawing before her with a blank sheet of paper.

"I have come to express my thanks for my share of the pleasure which your sketch has given to every one who has seen it. It is done by a master-hand. But you have not yet given us the subject which was in your thoughts, and which you have so skillfully rendered."

"It was suggested to me by a line from one of Byron's poems, 'Both were young, and one was beautiful.' A hackneyed theme, as you perceive."

The marquis bowed.

"And charmingly accomplished," then averting his eyes from her somewhat mocking glance, he added, "may I hope sometime to be favored with one of your original designs?"

"You flatter my modest talent, but if it will give you the slightest pleasure, you are very welcome to this, my lord." And taking up the concealed picture, she placed it in his hand.

The marquis's rich complexion became gray, so livid was the pallor which overspread it, and when he released his bitten under-lip it was stained with blood.

"Signorina," he said hoarsely, speaking in Italian, "where did you see the original of this face?"

"In Venice," she replied, speaking in the same language. "It is not a handsome face, far otherwise, but the expression is singular, is it not?"

The marquis bowed, without replying, and hastening to Reginald, placed it over the picture which he still held, saying,

"You see I also have been favored."

"Again! again!" gasped Reginald.—"This woman is a sphynx."

The marquis laughed spasmodically, crushing the drawing between his hands.

"I will unriddle her," muttered Reginald between his closed teeth.

Lady Lisle, entering the room, encountered this perturbed group, of which the greater portion were sympathetically agitated by the emotion exhibited by the four, without in the least comprehending the cause.

With one rapid glance she perceived Reginald's pallor and depression, the marquis's evident confusion, Madame de Garoral's eager curiosity, and that the target of all their united glances was Elinor Egmont, who was serenely conversing with her cousin, although with cheeks unusually flushed.

"Louise," said Lady Lisle as she passed her, and her daughter, perceiving her mother's evident desire to speak with her, followed her to another part of the room.

"What has occurred?" was Lady Lisle's first question.

"Why, our charming Venetian cousin, having been requested to give us a proof of her powers as an artist, has drawn a picture which has created quite as great a sensation as did the famous apple of discord; and no one, except those immediately concerned, can tell the reason."

"What was the picture?"

"It represents a young man and a girl holding tryste under an oak. The tree, they say, is the Great Oak at Tudor Park. The young man is as plainly Reginald, and the girl Madame de Garoral says is Margaret Tudor."

"I can understand that Reginald would be annoyed," said Lady Lisle. "He was to marry Margaret Tudor, but when she lost her beauty he jilted her."

"But how could it affect the marquis?"

"That passes my comprehension. By-the-way, Louise, how do you progress in that quarter?"

"I cannot tell, mamma. The marquis is very polite and attentive to me, but he is so to all the ladies. I have tried to make Reginald jealous by flirting with him, but Reginald is so careless, he does not seem to remark it, and the marquis takes everything I say and do, as a matter of course, pays me a thousand compliments, but even while doing so, his eyes are always wandering around the room as if in search of some one else. Once, while I was sitting tete-a-tete with him upon a causeuse, and had thrown myself back against the cushions, with my hands clasped above my head, that my sleeves might fall back and display the shape and fairness of my arms, while my hair fell at length over my shoulders, and I know I looked just like the picture of the girl in the Forest, I caught him yawning while in the very act of looking at me. To be sure he tried to conceal it by placing his hand before his mouth—he has such beautiful hands, and wears such a superb diamond ring."

"I have sometimes thought that he admired Elinor.

"I do not think so, mamma, and I am very sure that she detests him. She is always perfectly ladylike, but so cold and haughty both to him and to Reginald."

"Look!" said Lady Lisle. "Madame de Garoral is being introduced to Elinor."

Madame de Garoral had requested Harry Lisle to introduce her to his cousin, and was now extending her hand to her new acquaintance, with her most fascinating smile.

"I could not rest until I had procured an introduction to you," she said sweetly. "You so strongly remind me of a dear friend whom I lost some years since,"—and an elegant handkerchief veiled for a moment the beautiful eyes of the speaker.

Elinor's short upper lip curled disdainfully, but when the eyes were again turned upon her, she said:

"I am very sorry that I have aroused unpleasant recollections."

"Oh! no, never! My recollections are mournful, but delightful. She was my dearest friend, Margaret Tudor. Perhaps you may have heard of her?"

"I heard her name mentioned a short time since, in connection with a sketch of mine."

"Ah! yes—that drawing! The resemblance to her was quite striking, as was also that of the masculine figure to Reginald," said Madame de Garoral, looking full into Miss Egmont's eyes. But she encountered a gaze as dark and unfathomable as her own, as Elinor said:

"You know that we artists are in the habit of studying handsome faces, and appropriating them, if they please us, without asking the consent of the owners. I availed myself of this artist-privilege in transforming Lord Dacre's head to paper."

"It is a charming head, is it not?" said Madame de Garoral enthusiastically.

"It is one of the handsomest I have ever seen. He reminds me continually of the Apollo Belvidere."

"The Apollo Belvidere!" said Madame de Garoral, widening her eyes. "Five years ago Lord Dacre was said to be wonderfully like the Apollo Belvidere."

"At the time he was betrothed to your friend, Margaret Tudor?"

"Yes, they were betrothed—for she was rich, and he was poor."

Elinor's eyes flashed.

"I was told," she said slowly, "that he passionately loved her—before she lost her beauty."

"Before he knew Margaret Tudor, he was sincerely attached to a young girl, who as truly loved him. Unfortunately, they quarrelled, parted, and in a moment of pique she married another. Then he betrothed himself to Margaret Tudor—the rest you know. Five years have passed—I am now free, and Reginald—"

Madame de Garoral paused as if she had unintentionally revealed who that young girl was, and affected to blush.

Elinor's face became deeply flushed, and as suddenly paled as she turned towards the Countess with a peculiarly haughty movement of her slender throat.

"You recall to my mind a circumstance which was totally unlike this, except that the two young girls were friends, and one of them betrothed. The one who was betrothed was called Margaret—the other, Constance. There is some similarity in the names—of one at least. The lover of Margaret was very fascinating, and it is not strange that Constance, being constantly in his society, should lose her heart to him. In a similar situation, you, my dear Countess, would have repressed your passion, and allowed your natural vivacity to triumph over the pain it might have engendered; but this imprudent child, not being possessed of your strength of mind, permitted herself to forget the trammels which custom and modesty impose upon her sex, and one day, with sighs and tears, disclosed her love to the object of it, and, almost upon her knees, implored a return of affection.

"There is a feeling inherent in the other sex which instinctively repels all such advances on the part of ours, and, notwithstanding the beauty of the suppliant, the young man remained cold and unyielding to her entreaties, until the young girl, maddened by his indifference, threatened to destroy herself, when he left her with a gesture of contempt."

During this recital Madame de Garoral's color had varied with frightful rapidity, and she had played nervously with a small fan, with carved mother-of pearl sticks, which she held. At its conclusion, the fragile toy flew into a thousand pieces, and the Countess, flinging away the fragments which still remained in her hand, and turning to Elinor, said, with quivering lips, but in a firm, full voice:

"You are an admirable raconteur, Miss Egmont, and the fate of Constance—was that her name?—is a warning to all demoiselles who are imprudent in love, or careless in the concealment of dangerous secrets. I will now leave you, for I believe that Lord Dacre wishes to speak with you."

GRAND FINALE.—PART FIFTH.

Reginald was indeed approaching, but Miss Egmont, turning hastily, went out through a glass-door opening into the garden. She ran down the rose-lined alleys until out of sight of the house, and then entered an arbor which was a perfect mass of honeysuckles and other flowering vines.

Throwing herself upon a seat, she leaned her head upon her hand, and appeared to think intently, while pulling off the blossoms, whose luxuriant growth pushed in through the trellis-work, and garlanded the low, half-circle of the walls. So profound were her meditations, that she was unconscious that an intruder had entered the arbor, until he stood by her side.

She looked up with a start, and with difficulty repressed an exclamation; then as Reginald assumed the opposite seat, she raised her eyes to his with an expression of the coldest reserve, and said, "I was somewhat startled by your unexpected entrance, as when I came to this place I expected and wished to be alone."

"And I wished so much to see you alone that I took advantage of this opportunity, and am here to request an explanation from you."

"An explanation! Our acquaintance has been of so recent a date, that I cannot think what circumstance can have arisen between us to render an explanation necessary."

He leaned forward, and looked into her eyes with an expression which seemed to puzzle and abash her, for her eyes fell, and her color deepened until her cheeks were painfully crimson.

"Miss Egmont," he said, "why did you wish to terrify me the night of the masquerade?"

Elinor's face regained its cool fairness as she replied, "If you were terrified, your own conscience must tell you why."

"I am not ashamed to confess that I was afraid when I thought that I saw one who had been dead for years. But if I had known that those warm caresses which were bestowed upon me in my semi-unconsciousness, were given by loving lips, I should have recovered from my swoon in time to return them."

Elinor shivered, and half rose from her seat. Reginald sprang forward to detain her. "Believe me, Miss Egmont, this fact has but just come to my knowledge, and I would never have revealed it had it not been that I had determined to secure for myself a right to receive and bestow those caresses by asking you to be my wife."

He seized her hand and looked into her face boldly and confidently.

She stood as if stunned, then made a movement to withdraw her hand, but suffered him to retain it, and he, remembering that "silence gives consent," bent over it, and covered it with kisses. But at the sound of voices nearing the arbor, Elinor broke away from him, and rushing out, disappeared down one of the many labyrinthine promenades which branched off from the centre of the garden.

Reginald was prepared to follow her, when Madame de Garoral entered the arbor. She was very pale, her eyes were slightly reddened, and her lips scarlet and tremulous. Her magnificent hair was very much disordered, and, partly escaped from the comb, hung in thick locks around her face and over her bosom.

Reginald looked at her in unfeigned astonishment. "What is the matter, Constance?" he asked, but Madame de Garoral shook her head, and passing him, threw herself upon a seat, and burying her face in her hands, burst into a tempest of tears and sobs. "Constance, you alarm me. What can have occurred to affect you in such a manner?" said Reginald, going up to her, and laying his hand upon her shoulder.

Without raising her head, the Countess began to speak. "Reginald, Miss Egmont has discovered my—my youthful indiscretion, and taunted me with it."

"I—I do not understand," said Reginald, with a puzzled air.

"The Countess's head sunk still lower. "Why, when I—when you"—then with sudden energy, "Have you forgotten the rose-garden at Brantford?"

Reginald's face became deeply crimsoned. "Does she know that?" he asked with a start, then added kindly, "do not agitate yourself thus, Constance, I will answer for it that she will never allude to it again."

"You will speak to her about it?" asked Madame de Garoral, lifting her head and looking intently at him.

"I will."

"But what will you say to her?"

"I shall say to her that she has severely and unnecessarily wounded your feelings. That you were but a child at that time, and your action was but a child's freak. Indeed I had altogether forgotten it."

"But my reputation," moaned the Countess, again concealing her face. "As this fact is known to her, it must be to others, and the world—oh! I can never, never hold up my head again."

"I am truly grieved that this should have occurred, but I do not see any other way of remedying it than the one I have proposed."

"There is only one other way, Reginald," said the Countess, raising her head, and fixing upon him her brilliant eyes, glittering through her tears. "If you hesitate to adopt it, my happiness is destroyed, for it will not survive the ruin of my reputation."

"But, Constance, I do not see any question of your reputation in all this. The young lady has possessed herself of the knowledge of a childish whim of yours, and womanlike, has taken advantage of some opportunity you doubtless afforded her to stick this small pin into you, is it not so?"

"Oh! you are a man, and do not understand these things at all," said the Countess; and bursting afresh into tears, she sobbed out something about lost peace of mind and blasted hopes.

"If you will look upon it in this light, Constance, tell me in what manner I can afford you balm for what you will persist in considering your wounded reputation."

"Cannot you think?" stammered the Countess. "My name has suffered in connection with yours, and yet your name might prove an ægis to protect me from all future remark."

Reginald colored high. "I hope I do not understand you."

"And why would you not wish to do so? It is you, and you only, who are cold and insensible. In France my hand was repeatedly solicited, both by men of rank and talent. But my thoughts always turned to you, you whom I loved first, last, and only, and I hoped that Fate, weary of persecuting me, would at last reward me with your hand."

"Madame," said Reginald frigidly, withdrawing his hand, which she had seized in her eagerness, and held closely clasped between her own; "my hand and heart I have given into the keeping of another woman, within this half hour;" and bowing he left the mortified and unhappy Countess overwhelmed, sitting with bowed head and clenched hands, and with all the passions of hell raging in her torn heart.

The wreaths of flowers which swung from column to column in the ball-room at Castle Beaumont, swayed in the hot and perfumed air as the dancers floated beneath.

The floor was thronged with kings and queens, knights and ladies, goblins, fairies, and allegorical personages. Here walked Mary Stuart, with her large melancholy eyes; there stalked her haughty cousin, Elizabeth. Henry the Eighth was dancing with a bewitching Titania, Mephistopheles flirted with a nun, and Robin Hood was honored with the white hand of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette.

Lord Beaumont dressed as a cavalier, was conversing with Madame de Garoral, who wore the costume of Aurora, that is to say a saffron-colored robe, over which floated a long, misty blue veil, wrought with golden rays, while a single ruby flamed above her forehead. She was very pale, and even while conversing with Lord Beaumont, kept her eyes fixed constantly upon the door.

"I do not see Miss Egmont here, to-night," she said in her clear, vibrating tones.

"Neither she nor Dacre have yet arrived," replied the marquis, "but I am expecting them momently."

As he spoke the door opened, and Elinor entered, dressed as Undine, wearing a white robe, made with a long train, and profusely decorated with water-lilies, as was also her beautiful hair, which was trained in long ringlets over her shoulders, and around her angelic face.

A murmur of admiration greeted her appearance, during which Lord Beaumont advanced to meet her, and claimed her hand for the succeeding dance.

The marquis's dress of black velvet, with its glittering embroidery, and falls of delicate and costly lace around the throat and wrists was very becoming to his graceful and elegant figure. His pale complexion,

clear-cut features and brilliant eyes showed to advantage in the frame of his dark hair, which was parted down the centre, and fell, thick and shining, around his well-formed throat.

The majesty of his contour, and the peculiar beauty of his hands and feet, were all displayed by this costume, and Elinor standing beside him, gave him a glance of undisguised admiration.

The music of the dance began, and Elinor having taken her place, found herself vis-a-vis with Harry Lisle, who, in the attire of a Viking, was dancing with a charming wood nymph.

Poor Harry made an infinite number of mistakes in the figure, being engaged in devouring his beautiful cousin with his large, honest eyes, and at the conclusion of the dance, hardly waiting to conduct his partner to a seat, he flew to engage Elinor for the succeeding galop, but found her surrounded by Turks, Armenians, Italians, Spaniards, Hungarians, Greeks, and Poles, and already engaged for every dance upon the programme.

Muttering an imprecation, Harry bounded from the circle, and ran against a Greek, whom he recognized as Lord Dacre. Delighted to have a companion in misfortune, he said with a grin:

"You can't dance with her; she's engaged for every time,"—and wandered off disconsolately, determined to dance no more that evening, but watch his idol from a distance.

Pushing through the crowd which surrounded Elinor, Reginald went up to her, and signified his desire to dance with her.

"You are too late," said Elinor, displaying her closely-written tablets.

"This is too provoking!" murmured Reginald in her ear. "Am I to have no opportunity for speaking with you?"

"I do not see any at present," she replied, rising, and taking the arm of a handsome Pole, with whom she was to dance that redowa.

Shrugging his shoulders, Reginald sauntered off, and engaged Louise Lisle for a partner, but was so entirely distrait, and provokingly inattentive, that when he led her to her seat, the poor child was ready to weep with grief and vexation.

At the end of one of the dances, finding Elinor alone for a moment, Reginald sprang towards her, and bending over her, requested her to grant him an interview, were it only for five minutes. As he spoke he raised her left hand in his, held it for a moment, and when he released it a diamond glittered like a star on her slender fore-finger. The action was so rapid, that none remarked it, and Reginald murmured passionately, "Our betrothal-ring."

Elinor looked at her hand with a strange light in her eyes, a strange smile upon her lips, and looking upon his face, said:

"At two o'clock some fireworks are to be thrown off from the small hill they call St. George's Mount. If you will be there, I will meet you, when the clock strikes." And putting her finger on her lips, as her partner approached, she left him.

The clock was just striking two, when Reginald, his Greek dress concealed under a light mantle, bounded up St. George's Mount, and having reached the spot where the fireworks were placed, removed his hat, and let the breeze lift his light curls and fan his heated forehead.

As he stood thus, with face upturned to the stars, he heard a voice singing in the distance. It was too far off to distinguish the words, but the strain was wild and mournful, and the singer's voice sounded sweet and eerie in the clear, stirless air. The voice approached nearer, and, with a thrill of terror, he heard the words:

> Is it the passing-bell
> Reaches my lonely cell?
> Oh! that it tolled for me,
> Then I at rest would be;
> No more of sighing—
> In the grave lying.

At this moment he heard a rushing sound behind him, felt a strong vibration, and a vivid crimson glare lit up the night, and showed standing beside him a slender female figure, wearing a simple muslin robe, and having her blonde hair knotted with carnation-colored ribbons.

Flinging out both hands with a gesture of affright, he shuddered out the word "Margaret!"

The red light danced in the young girl's eyes, a circle of emerald stars floated above her head like a crown, were quenched, and the light died out.

Reginald stretched out his hand, and met warm, loving fingers which closed around it.

Again the fireworks blazed, and again Reginald met the mocking glance of the seeming phantom, who held up one finger and said,

"Ah! you know me, Reginald Taurston."

"You are Margaret Tudor," he gasped, "and I am mad."

"No, you are not. Touch me, see, am I not alive?"

"You are indeed living, and yet it cannot be, for I know you are dead."

"Why, you make me a paradox. I shall have to call a witness to prove my identity. Rafael Goldarini, Marquis of Beaumont, your presence is desired."

"Who speaks?" said Lord Beaumont in a hollow voice, coming forward, and pausing abruptly before the white robed figure.

"I, Margaret Tudor, whom you buried, when she desired to hide her changed face from a mocking world—I, Margaret Tudor, whom you wedded when she was left homeless and friendless by the treachery of her guardian; and finally I, Rita Goldarini, whom you threw out of your heart, when you thought her unworthy to remain there by reason of her attempt to destroy her false betrothed, a design which you frustrated by drawing him out of the Grand Canal of Venice. Do you know me now?"

The marquis bounded forward, Margaret placed her hands in his, and whispered,

"Am I forgiven?"

Reginald interposed himself between them.

"If you are both Margaret Tudor and Elinor Egmont, you are doubly my betrothed, and I claim you at that man's hands."

"He is right," said Rafael, releasing her. "My long absence has legally divorced you, and I yield you up. But, oh! Margaret, God knows that I loved you."

"Perhaps I do not choose to be given up," said Margaret imperiously—then turning on Lord Beaumont her radiant face, her dazzling eyes, she extended her hands, and said, "Rafael, will you receive me?"

THE END.

HOW MEN ACT IN BATTLE.

A letter from a soldier makes the following interesting comments on the manner in which battles are fought, and explaining why it is that after a terrible conflict of perhaps hours' duration, there should be so small a proportion of killed and wounded.

If you were never in battle, you would not guess there were half the random shots fired that there are. Why, sir, I have seen whole regiments and brigades deliver their fire when I was sure that they did not even wound a single man. Such firing, besides wasting the ammunition, does not intimidate the enemy at all; on the other hand, it makes them feel that there is but little danger, consequently he is more bold, and delivers his fire more accurately. Besides, if men are allowed to make these random discharges, it seems to become a habit, and they become so excited at it that they would oftener miss a man at ten paces than they would hit him. Just in that way battles are often lost, while the company commander, if he would only stop it and show them that they were doing no good, they would soon become collected, and after they once knew their folly, would, of their own accord, fire deliberately, and probably save the day after it had been comparatively lost.

Why, sir, in battle you often see company commanders charging around with their swords flourishing about their heads, crying out: "Give it to them, boys, give it to them!" manifesting in themselves, and creating in others, all the excitement possible. Now, a second thought would show to their better judgment that they were doing more harm than good, for men become so excited under such circumstances that they would miss an elephant at ten steps. You often see the above blustering around when the enemy are at least off at a distance of one thousand yards, and, to hear the roar of musketry and the excited commanders, you would think they would soon come to a hand-to-hand contest. What is it that excites a man in battle? Why, it is the danger. If you shoot at a man once he is very much excited; shoot at him a hundred times, and miss him every time, and all his fear and excitement is gone; but reserve your fire until you can do some execution, and, when they come, fire into them, cut his clothes, wound his neighbor, kill the second man from him, and let him see it, and the day will be won.

☞ Some one calls the high-crowned hat, which has been so long in fashion, the "cylinder of civilization."

☞ A hungry man is unmanageable. To be docile, he must, like a horse, have first had a bit in his mouth.

☞ FIVE THOUSAND LEADERS.—The editor of the Berlin Volks Zeitung has received the honor of a public dinner, on the occasion of the last of a series of five thousand leaders which he has written for that journal on five thousand successive days, a feat which appears considered at least equal to walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours.

☞ An illiterate Tennesseean, "native," and to the manor born, and who had doubtless never been from "hum" before, overheard a person reading the telegram headlings in a paper just received, the first of which was:

"Latest from Washington."

"Mighty singular that," put in the native; "for I allers heard the old feller was dead."

☞ An officer of the regular army, Lieut. Manus, of the Tenth Infantry, recently met with a sad rebuff at Fort Kearney. The lieutenant was promenading in full uniform one day, and approaching a sentinel, (volunteer) who challenged with "Halt! who comes there?" The lieutenant, with contempt in every lineament of his face, expressed his ire with an indignant "Ass." The sentry's reply, apt and quick, came, "Advance, Ass, and give the countersign."

☞ Pigeons are hatched in eighteen days; chickens, twenty-one; turkeys, twenty-six; ducks and geese, thirty.

A PAPER ON ALLIGATORS.

Most of us remember to have been told, when children, that the alligator imitated the cry of a child to attract the unwary to their destruction. That fable has long since disappeared, together with many another popular error; still, except by Anglo-Indians, by Nile travellers, and those who have explored tropical America, he is regarded with a much greater amount of dread and disgust than he deserves to be held in; for, when confronted, there is no greater cur than the great American water-lizard.

I lived for many years in a country where they were very plentiful, and in the summer months hundreds could be found sunning themselves upon the banks of its mighty rivers, its sluggish bayous, and its quiet woodland lakes.

The female alligator forms her nest of grass upon the bank of some stream, and upon this grass, which she cuts with her teeth, she deposits her eggs, raising the nest with a fresh layer of grass each time she lays her eggs, until it has the appearance of a rather long haycock, usually six feet long by three wide, and three to four high. The heat through which the grass goes, from its being collected green, added to by the great warmth of the southern sun, hatches the eggs in about thirty days. The eggs are covered with a dirty white skin, are flat and oval in form, and, except in size, differ very little from those of snakes or turtles.

The young ones, immediately upon being emancipated from their skinny shell, seek the creek, feeding upon insects, water larvæ, frogs, or any dead animal matter they may happen to find, totally without maternal control or care, the female alligator's duty being strictly confined to the construction of the nest, and placing the eggs in it. I have had no means of knowing whether their growth is quick or the reverse; but I imagine it to be slow, and that the reptile is very long-lived. For many years there was a premium offered in the State of Louisiana to any one who could produce an alligator which should measure fully twenty feet: it was never claimed, though many were very nearly of the required length.

My first intimate acquaintance was made with them on Hall's Bayou, a small stream upon the mainland, about seventeen miles from the city of Galveston, which town is situated upon an island of the same name, extending some thirty miles in length by three wide, and which shuts in Galveston Bay from the Gulf of Mexico, a deep channel admitting vessels from the gulf to the port at its eastern extremity, whilst at the west end there is a very narrow pass, just separating the island from the mainland.

I had gone with a hunter named Green, who obtained his living by supplying Galveston market with venison and other game, upon a hunting excursion. We had sailed in the little half-decked sloop with which he was accustomed to pass from the mainland to the city to this bayou, and, after proceeding about two miles up the stream, had made our vessel fast to the bank. We had started in different directions to look for deer. After about an hour's ramble, I had succeeded in killing a small yearling doe, which had jumped out of some wild myrtle bushes; this, after disemboweling, I had thrown over my shoulder and returned to the boat. Taking a glass of weak brandy and water, I made an awning of the sail, and, tired with my exertions under the fiery sun, to which I was at that time unaccustomed, I lay down upon the deck for a siesta. Too hot and tired to fall sound asleep, and disturbed by the buzzing of numberless insects, who seemed bent upon a thorough investigation of the interior of my ears and nose, as well as evincing a curiosity, which was perhaps pardonable in them, but which I could readily have dispensed with, as to the flavor of an Englishman's blood, I was at last thoroughly aroused from my snatches of the "balmy" by a sharp twitch or two at the skirt of my blouse: that portion of my dress, well saturated with deer's blood, having slipped over the deck, and under the rail which ran around it, was hanging down the side of the boat, and nearly touching the water. Raising myself cautiously up, I looked over the side, and discovered a large alligator trying to scratch down my skirt with its claws, not being able, I suppose, from its position so close to the planks of the boat, to get hold of it with his teeth. Drawing back, I cautiously reached and cocked my gun, and again looked over the rail; but my visitor had taken the hint and disappeared. When my companion Green arrived, which he did in about half an hour, I mentioned what had occurred. Taking his seat in the stern, and cocking his rifle, he told me to take the same position, again letting my skirt hang over the side, which I did. In about a quarter of an hour there was a flash, a sharp whip-like report, and a heavy plunge in the water. The alligator had returned again, and Green had shot it in the eye, when, after a violent plunge or two, and some sharp lashes with its tail, which churned the water into foam, it sank out of sight to die. About a week afterwards we found that the body had floated from the gas generating in it, and had been brought down by the stream, and lodged upon a sand-bank at the mouth of the bayou; we secured the teeth, which are hollow, and, when carved, make very beautiful powder-chargers for rifles.

I was staying on a visit once at a plantation; at the back of the clearing, in the forest, was a very large lake. My host, one very hot July afternoon, proposed that we should take our rifles, and kill some of the alligators with which it was known to abound. A small skiff was carried across from the river, which bounded the plantation, and launched upon the lake; one negro was retained to paddle the skiff, whilst we took our stations in the astern. Paddling quietly along by the shore, we shot twenty-seven, which exhausted our bullets, and we had to return, though numbers were sunning themselves upon the banks; but, amongst all we saw, none, I think, exceeded twelve feet; still, I have frequently killed them fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen feet long.

Hogs fall frequent victims to them, as the porker seek the muddy margins of these forest lakes and streams to wallow in the mud, where they are easily surprised and caught by the alligators.

The alligators frequently travel for miles across the forest or prairie from one stream to another; and I have, in my hunting excursions, often surprised them, when I knew there was not a drop of water within three miles. I found one once about two hundred yards from a lake, sunning himself upon a high white sandbank. He was about eleven feet long, and, I think, was fast asleep. Taking my gun in my left hand, and a stout cedar bough, about as thick as my wrist, in my right, I got between him and the water. I recalled his attention to the cares and troubles of waking life by a poke on the nose. He opened his jaws a little way, and hissed at me for all the world like an old gander, and at once began to advance, not, I believe, to attack me, but to gain the water. Two or three hearty thumps on his nose, however, brought him to a halt, and he opened his great jaws, disclosing a very formidable assortment of teeth, and brought them together with a clash that sounded like two quoits suddenly struck against each other. Once, when he opened his mouth, I thrust the pole into it, and he crushed the cedar into fragments like matches. I was obliged to put an end to my experiment as to how much irritation would be sufficient to make him act on the offensive, by blowing his head to pieces with my gun, for my dog made her appearance. She had been chasing something in the forest, and I was afraid the alligator might injure her; and poor Rose was of too much value to me in those wilds to risk any injury happening to her.

Little negro children have been known, on three or four occasions, to have been caught; but I never heard of a full-grown man, either white or black, having been killed by them.

On the San Jacinto river there was a dog belonging to the ferryman in whom familiarity had bred contempt, as the old writing-copy had it. He had very often been chased by them, but, by barking and showing a bold front, he had held them at bay; nor did he ever hesitate to cross the river.

A few years ago, before the present war commenced, a firm at Galveston had begun the manufacture of their skins into leather for boots and shoes; it was said to be very tough, yet pliable and enduring, and, above all, waterproof. I have seen them worn by some of the planters, though I never had any myself.

Small alligators were often caught and sold to the captains of vessels trading to the port of Galveston, who carried them off to dispose of to zoological societies.

Alligators, snakes, lizards, scorpions, centipedes, and the other reptiles common to tropical countries, which are supposed by Europeans to be such dreadful neighbors, are little heeded by the inhabitants, who trouble their heads but little about them.

☞ It is said that the rebels captured at Mansfield two wagons loaded with paper collars; and that General Dick Taylor returned the collars through a flag of truce, with a letter to General Banks, in which the facetious rebel said: "I have boiled, baked, and stewed these things, and can do nothing with them. We cannot eat them. They are a luxury for which we have no use, and I would like, therefore, to exchange them for a like quantity of hard tack." The joke is a good one, and has convulsed the Western boys, who have no great admiration for the "Liberator of Louisiana." When the Western troops passed General Banks's headquarters, coming into Alexandria, yesterday, they groaned, jeered, and called aloud, "How about those paper collars?"—*Army Letter.*

☞ In the new novel of "Heart or Head" appears the following passage: "And she, leaning on his strong mind, and giving up her whole soul to him, was so happy in this spoiling of herself, so glad to be thus robbed, offering him the rich milk of love in a full udder of trust, and lowing for him to take it." Udder of trust, and lowing, is good!

☞ CHILDHOOD'S FAITH.—A Sunday School teacher, speaking once to his children upon the depravity of the human heart, asked his children if they knew anyone who was always good; one of the class, prompted by simple and child-like affection, instantly replied, "Yes, sir, I know one—my mother."

HOW TO COOK RICE.

Not many years ago, a party, assembled in the *salon* of a suite of apartments at Meurice's Hotel, in the Rue de Rivoli, Paris, was engaged in discussing a very serious question. The occupant of the apartments was one of the foremost political men of the day, and men deeply engaged in diplomacy and the affairs of the world were conversing with him. What was the topic of their conversation? The designs of the Czar; the fate of Poland; the Danish succession; could the independence of Circassia be preserved? None of these. They were talking about the cooking of rice. The occupant of the apartments, who was also the leader of the conversation, maintained that the method of cooking rice adopted in the West was wasteful and irrational, and directly opposed to that which the experience of ages had taught in the East. "Whenever you pour away the water which has cooked the rice," said he, "you reject that which is the best and most nutritious part of the food. An Eastern would as soon think of eating the rice after water had been poured away from it, as he would of eating egg-shells after their contents had been boiled out and rejected." The interest of the conversation deepening, some one proposed that the speaker should illustrate precept by practice, by cooking a pilaff on the spot. So said, so done; in a short time the material and utensils were obtained, and the pilaff prepared. This was the manner of it:—Patna rice was chosen—not Carolina, (the latter is larger, whiter, prettier to look at—the former is richer and more nutritious,) and a little more than twice the quantity of water was used to cook it. A little salt in the water, and that is all. The boiling of the rice was so managed that at the moment when its cooking was perfected, every drop of water was found to be absorbed, and just at that critical instant some butter, which had been brought to a boiling state, was poured into it. This is pilaff. If properly cooked, the rice is not soft and pappy, nor is it "swelled;" but it is rich, savory, and full of nutriment; there is just sufficient firmness in the grains to be pleasant; it does not mash up. When you eat it for the first time so cooked you know that you have never eaten rice before; you understand how it is that millions live upon this food alone, and maintain by it in a hot climate a degree of muscular strength seldom attained in colder (which are commonly supposed to be more "bracing") latitudes.

Now, mark the sequel of my story. The pilaff so made at the Hotel Meurice was eaten and praised, and so ended the conversation; but next morning the chief cook, or *chef* of the hotel, asked permission to speak with the gentlemen who had cooked the rice. This was readily granted, and when this expert of the French *cuisine* entered respectfully, cap in hand, he spoke as follows: "Monsieur, when the casserole was brought down after you had used it last night, I tasted some grains of rice which remained in it, and I have taken the liberty to seek this interview with Monsieur, that I might request him to be good enough to explain to me how that rice was cooked." Here was a rare thing enough to find, a man who was supposed to be skilled in his art, and yet who was not too conceited to learn; a man who might reasonably suppose himself to know everything about boiling rice, and yet when he met with something strange to him, he did not set his wits to work to start objections, but to inquire. Like Cassim's wife, Meurice's *chef* had found indications of a treasure adhering to the sides of the measure, and he wished to know more.

And now for historical proof of this lesson. But the other day I was reading the "Essay on Clive," by the late Lord Macaulay, and came upon this passage. He is writing of the siege of Arcot:

> During fifty days the siege went on. During fifty days the young captain maintained the defence with a firmness, vigilance and ability, which would have done honor to the oldest marshal in Europe. The breach, however, increased day by day. The garrison began to feel the pressure of hunger. Under such circumstances, any troops so scantily provided with officers, might have been expected to show signs of insubordination; and the danger was peculiarly great in a force composed of men differing widely from each other in extraction, color, language, manners, and religion. But the devotion of the little band to its chief surpassed anything that is related of the Tenth Legion of Cæsar, or of the Old Guard of Napoleon. The sepoys came to Clive, not to complain of their scanty fare, but to propose that all the grain should be given to the Europeans, who required more nourishment than the natives of Asia. The thin gruel, they said, which was strained away from the rice, would suffice for themselves. History contains no more touching instance of military fidelity, or the influence of a commanding mind.

Innocent Lord Macaulay! Clever enough as an essayist, it may be; but how ignorant of the art of cookery! The sepoys, be it observed, instead of doing a noble act of self-devotion here, did—as the thoughtful Easterns usually do—they took care of themselves at the expense of the heedless Franks. To the Europeans, the effete rice grains; to the Hindus, the *kanjiar* (as they call the water in which rice has been boiled,) with all the starch, all the nutriment, all the strength. The *kanjiar*, with a few *chupatties*, would make a far better meal than the rice would, and that the sepoys knew very well. What becomes then of the heroism worthy of Cæsar's Tenth Legion, or the Old Guard? I am afraid it is as baseless as many heroisms. In the old times, when mankind was young and vigorous, they were satisfied to get a hero every few centuries; now, we must have a fresh hero every day, and at the corner of every street. Here we have a whole regiment passing for heroes in the grandiose pages of Lord Macaulay. When lo! comes the cook, with his white cap and his ladle, and unheroes them. LUCULLUS THE SECOND.

PRINCE ALFRED.

The gossips of Edinburgh delight in giving publicity to details of the sojourn of Prince Alfred in that capital, where he has gained universal golden opinions. One of the gossips says, whether or not it is true, that Prince Alfred, as Lord Brougham remarked at the late Social Science Congress, is one of the best of Princes, he has become an immense favorite among the modern Athenians, some of whom have gone the length of seeking locks of his hair from the hairdresser he employs. The Prince is a heavy smoker. Nothing, in fact, seems to please him better than a smoke and a chat with two or three cheerful companions. He is also of a mechanical cast of mind, and in his smoking-room at Holyrood he had fitted up a turning lathe, with which he was in the habit of amusing himself by making neat little boxes and other articles as presents for his visitors. In photography he is remarkably proficient. A photograph of the Prince, taken by himself a few days ago at Holyrood, now forms one of the chief attractions in the saloon of a fashionable and popular artist of Edinburgh. Our informant adds, as facts which are not generally known, that his royal highness is equally expert on the violin and harmonium. One incident illustrating a highly favorable trait of the Prince's character must not be omitted. Some time ago, as will be remembered, one of his eyes was accidentally blackened while he was playing at racket. The ball, it seems, had been flung against him by a student, who, of course, became greatly annoyed, not to say alarmed, at the result of his awkwardness. The poor fellow manifested extreme, and, no doubt, sincere sorrow for the occurrence, but his despondency gave place to hearty admiration when the Prince good-humoredly asked him to dinner at Holyrood Palace next day, in order to lighten the tedium of his royal highness's temporary imprisonment! The invitation was accepted.—*Court Journal.*

HOW A CURATE BECAME RECTOR.—Archbishop Whately, in his "Annotations on Bacon's Essays," relates the following anecdote:—"A curate of a London parish, of most exemplary conduct, was accustomed to remonstrate very freely with any of his people whose life was not what it should have been. They wished much to get rid of him, but could find no pretext for complaint, either to the rector or the bishop. They therefore hit upon this cunning plan—they drew up and signed a memorial to the bishop setting forth the admirable character of the curate, lamenting that his eminent worth should not be rewarded, and earnestly recommending him for preferment. Soon after, this very living quite unexpectedly became vacant, whereupon the bishop, considering how acceptable, as well as deserving, he appeared to be, presented him to it, informing him of the memorial. The good man thanked his people with tearful eyes, rejoicing that they had taken in good part his freedom of speech, and assuring them that he would continue all his life the course which had won their approbation."

THE RISE OF PLUM-PUDDING.—Plum-pudding, like the planet to which it is an honor, was gradually perfected. It was at first mere spoon meat, but finally acquired consistency, and became the solid luxury we now see it. Robert Argyllon, master cook to William the Conqueror, having presented to that distinguished filibuster a dainty dish called *la groute*—otherwise *plum-porridge*—on the day of his coronation, thereupon received as a reward for his palatable invention a fine estate (wrenched, of course, from some "Saxon churl") entitled the Manor of Adington. This is not a tradition, but an item of history recorded in Domesday Book, and to be seen there at the present day; and barring the fact that the property was stolen, we are not prepared to say that it was unrighteously bestowed. From plum-porridge, in the fullness of time, came plum-pudding.

☞ Punch says: "Women are said to have stronger attachments than men. It is not so. A man is often attached to an old hat; but did you ever know of a woman having an attachment to an old bonnet?" Echo answers "Never!"

☞ An Ohio paper tells of one Captain Stanton Snoles, who had been bald fifty years, but who, at the age of ninety-two, after a severe headache had a new crop of hair, of rapid growth, which is now thick, silken, white, and long—so long that it is combed back from the forehead and tied with a ribbon at the neck.

☞ There are more sorrows of women than of men, just as, in heaven, there are more eclipses of the moon than of the sun.

THE FORGED PROCLAMATION.

A CURIOUS LETTER FROM THE FORGER.

The Brooklyn Eagle publishes the following letter, supposed to be written by the notorious Howard. The letter is facetiously displayed, and accompanied by a mirthful editorial. Probably Howard will not feel quite so jolly some months hence:—

CELL 5311, SECOND TIER,
FORT LAFAYETTE, May 24, 1864.

DEAR EAGLE:—In the language of the "magnificent" Vestvali, "I am here." I think I shall stay here—at least till I get out. Perhaps you were surprised at my sudden departure. So was I. But I received a pressing invitation from Gen. Dix to come down here, which I didn't feel at liberty to decline—so I didn't. Bob Murray brought the invitation. Bob Murray is United States marshal, and he marshalled me the way I should go, so I thought it best to go it. Bob is a nice man; he has a very taking way with him, but I wouldn't recommend you to cultivate his acquaintance. You may have heard of Fort Lafayette. It is a great resort of the friends of the Administration—over the left.

The location of Fort Lafayette is in the water, between the Atlantic Ocean and West Point. It is a good site for a marine residence, but I haven't seen any marines here. It is inaccessible on all sides, except the inside. Its *out*accessibility is what I most object to.

The way you get in is curious, and may interest your readers who haven't been here. You can't go by railroad or steamboat, or horse and buggy. The entrance is effected in a highly military manner, invented, I believe, by Gen. Dix or "some other man."

The way of getting out I haven't discovered yet. When I do, I'll let you know. The people who keep the fort are of the military persuasion; it is their *forte*. They mostly wear guns or swords, and do everything in a military way, which is not a civil way, though they have been very civil to me. The fort is a substantial building; there is no apprehension of burglars. Sensible people would rather break out than break into it. As a hotel, it is not equal to the Mansion House, though the terms are more reasonable. They don't charge any board. The only charge military people are given to is to charge bayonets. The bill of fare is wholesome, but lacks variety. There is too much pork. The bill of fare, however, is varied. We have pork and crackers for breakfast; crackers and pork for dinner, and pork *with* crackers for tea. I think we shall have a change next week, as the commandant has sent an order to New York for a barrel of pork. When you write to me, enclose a bunch of radishes in the letter.

Somebody may inquire why I came here. I'll tell you confidentially. The Government is making extensions to its mansion at Fort Hamilton; likewise at Fort Richmond, on Staten Island. They wanted a reliable person to look after the architects, to see that they didn't pocket the bricks. Fort Lafayette is half way between, and so situated that you can see both forts at once, and is just the place to see what is going on. A meeting of the Cabinet was called at the White House. Secretary Stanton introduced the subject. The Cabinet saw the point at once, and laughed so loud that they woke up Secretary Welles. Secretary Seward rang a little bell, and sent for Gen. Dix. "General," said William H., "how is Fort Lafayette?" "Our flag is there," said the General, with military promptness. "Is there a reliable man to be found in the Department of the East?" said William H. "If there isn't," thundered the General, "I'll shoot him on the spot." "Who is he?" asked the Secretary. "His name is Dead Beat," said the General. "Send him to Fort Lafayette." So I came. I am still here.

Yours, in retirement, DEAD BEAT.

P. S.—Give my regards to Chitty. I understand that he was deeply affected on my account, and was anxious to see me elevated in society.

Tell him to keep cool. There are some small men down here, but none quite so small as he is.

"And the little dog barked at the caged lion, and wagged his tail rejoicingly."

D. B.

THE SURGEONS AND THE WOUNDED.—A recent letter from Fredericksburg says:—Dr. Morton, of Boston, one of the first discoverers, if not, indeed, the first discoverer, of the anæsthetic properties of ether, has been with the army the last week working and observing in his capacity with all his might. During this time he has, with his own hands, administered ether in over 2,000 cases. The Medical Director, when asked yesterday in what operations he required ether to be used, replied, "in every case."

I believe the division of labor in the manufacture of any given article has now reached the point where twenty-five different men help make a pin. Science is scarcely behind art in this particular, as the following incident will show:

Day before yesterday some 300 rebel wounded fell into our hands. Of these, twenty-one required capital operations. They were placed in a row, a slip of paper pinned to each man's coat collar telling the nature of the operation that had been decided upon. Dr. Morton first passes along, and with a towel saturated with ether puts every man beyond consciousness and pain.

The operating surgeon follows, and rapidly and skillfully amputates a leg or an arm, as the case may be, till the twenty-one have been subjected to the knife and saw without one twinge of pain. A second surgeon ties up the arteries; a third dresses the wounds. The men are taken to tents near by, and wake up to find themselves cut in two without torture, while a window of lopped-off members attest the work. The last man had been operated upon before the first wakened, nothing could be more dramatic, and nothing could more perfectly demonstrate the value of anæsthetics. Beside men fight better when they know that torture does not follow a wound, and numberless lives are saved that the shock of the knife would loss to their friends and the country. Honor, then, to Morton and Jackson, the men who so opportunely for this war placed in our hands an agent that relieves the soldier from untold misery, and his friends from untold anguish.

☞ There are women who, without the gift of genius, fill our vase with wine and roses to the brim, so that the wine runs over and the hours are filled with perfume.

HOSPITAL STORIES.—A Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial writes: In one of the hospitals yesterday, while the chaplain was praying the Lord to "be a shield unto the armies of the Union and Liberty," a wounded soldier rolled over in his bed, clasped his hands, raised his eyes toward the ceiling, and exclaimed, "Breastworks, Lord—breastworks!"

A Christian Commission brother was congratulating a wounded man upon the fact that he owed the salvation of his life to a pocket Testament which happily intervened between a rebel bullet and his short ribs. He promised to give the soldier another Testament, and hoped it would be instrumental in saving not only his life, but his soul. His remarks were overheard by a New Yorker, who was suffering from a slight, but smarting wound in the side, and expressed himself as follows: "Look here, partner, if it had not been for a euchre-deck I don't know where I'd have been. It didn't hurt me much, but it knocked the ace of spades and the king of hearts higher than a kite. Can't you get a fellow a new pack?"

A wounded Virginia rebel and a wounded Pennsylvanian, occupying adjoining beds, had a good-humored verbal tilt, as follows:

Union. Say, Reb, where are you from?

Secesh. I'm from Virginia, the best state in America.

Union. That's where old Floyd came from, the old thief.

Secesh. Where are you from, Yank?

Union. I'm from Pennsylvania.

Secesh. Well, you needn't talk about old Floyd coming from Virginia as long as old Buchanan came from Pennsylvania. Don't you wish you hadn't said anything, Yank?

BEWARE OF PEDDLERS.—A spectacle peddler one day this week called upon an old gentleman of this city, to sell a pair of spectacles. He presented a pair fitted to the eyes; and to show their superiority over those he had been using, asked him to look first through the new and then through the old ones, giving the latter a rub with a piece of wash-leather. The difference was very striking, and the old gentleman was delighted. After the wandering trader was gone, the spectacle wearer picked up his old glasses, which he regarded as worthless, and after wiping them, would take a farewell look through the "eyes" that had served him so well for years, when he found he could see through them as well as through the new ones. It was all explained in this way: the peddler, instead of cleaning the old glasses with his wash-leather, had actually put something on them to obstruct the sight. His spectacles, for which he asked a double price, were not worth a cent more than the old pair.

So come out nine persons in ten who trade with peddlers, or go abroad to purchase of those whom they do not know, instead of relying upon our own merchants, whose honesty is unquestioned, and who have had experience in their business.—*Newburyport Herald.*

☞ A French book on "The Art of Tying the Cravat" has reached its fifteenth edition.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The Flour market continues steady, but very dull. Sales 10,000 bbls at $7 for superfine; $7,50@7,60 for extras; $7,75 @8,50 for extra family, and $8,75@9,50 ₱ bbl. for fancy brands. Rye Flour—300 bbls sold at $7 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal continues scarce and firm.

GRAIN—There is not much Wheat offering. Sales comprise about 40,000 bushels at from $1,65 to 1,80 for inferior to prime Pennsylvania and Western reds, mostly at the latter rate; $1,84 for Southern do, and $1,95@2,05 for white, the latter for Kentucky. Rye is selling at $1,52 @1,60 for Southern and Pennsylvania. Corn—Sales of 38,000 bushels at $1,35@1,42 for inferior to good and prime yellow, and $1,35@1,37 for white. Oats—Sales at 85@88c, the latter for prime Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS—The market for bbld meats is better and more active at $28@30½ for Mess Pork, and $16@21 for Mess Beef. Bacon moves off slowly at $18@21 for plain and fancy Hams; 12½@13c for Shoulders, and 18@14c for Sides. Green Meats continue in limited request; we quote Hams in salt and pickle at 15@17c, the latter for fancy cured, and Shoulders in salt at 12@12½c ₱ lb. Lard is firmer, with sales of 1000 pkgs at 14@14½c for bbls and tcs, and 16 @16½c for kegs. Butter sells at 25@33c for State, and 35@40c for New York, the latter for fine Goshen. Cheese is firm at 17@19c ₱ lb. Eggs are worth 21c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been excited and on the advance. Some 400 bales, taken in small lots at from 80 to 103c for ordinary to middling and good middling quality, cash.

BEESWAX brings 37@38c ₱ lb.

COFFEE—The market is dull. A few sales are reported, mostly Rio, at 44@45c ₱ lb, cash and 6 months.

COPPER continues dull and Yellow Metal steady; the latter is selling at 38c for sheets, and 40c ₱ lb for bolts, on time.

COAL—The demand is less active. The rates now current are $8@8,50 ₱ ton on board at Richmond.

FEATHERS—Sales Western at 68@70c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—The sales are confined to Dried Apples and Peaches, at about previous rates. The latter are dull, and selling slowly at 17@19c ₱ lb.

HAY—Sales $28@30 ₱ ton.

HOPS are selling at 25@29c ₱ lb.

IRON—There is not much offering, and the market is rather dull at $32@38 cash, for the three numbers of Anthracite Pig Metal. Manufactured Iron is steady and firm.

LUMBER—The market is less active but steady at $32@34 for White Pine; $27@28 for Yellow Sap; and $30@32 for Hemlock Boards. Joist and Scantling range at $18½@19½; and White Pine Shingles at $22½@25 ₱ M. Laths are unchanged.

MOLASSES is firmer. We note a sale of 100 hhds clayed Cuba at 70¢, 2 per cent. off for cash.

SEEDS—There is very little Clover or Timothy seed offering. Some small sales of the former are reported at $6@6,50 ₱ bus, the latter is held at $3 ₱ bus. Flaxseed is in steady demand at $3,37@3,40 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—There is very little movement in Brandy, Gin or Rum, and no quotable change in either. Whiskey; sales of bbls at $1,27@1,30.

SUGARS are firm; sales of 350 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 16¼ to 18c, on the usual terms.

TALLOW—Sales of city are reported at 13½ @14c.

WOOL—Market dull. Sales of about 100,000 lbs at 80@83c cash for common to fine Fleece.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 500 head. The prices realized were from $13½ to 19 ₱ 100 lbs. 150 Cows brought from $25 to 40 ₱ head. 1100 Sheep were sold at from 8 to 9 cents ₱ lb. 1800 head Hogs brought from $10 to 12 ₱ 100 lbs.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.—In another part of this paper will be found the name of Sergeant D. M. Boyden, of this village, a member of the 7th Rhode Island Regiment, who was wounded in one of the late battles in Virginia. On the day that he was wounded, his mother, in coming from the cellar of her residence, says she distinctly heard the voice of Decatur cry out, "Oh, mother!" The voice was so natural that she expected to see her son when she came up stairs. As no one was there, she was convinced from that moment that her son was either killed or wounded. Two other members of this family, not residing with the mother, and knowing nothing of the circumstances recorded above, dreamed on that night that Decatur was wounded. One of these persons (a lady) was so impressed with her dream, that she arose and dressed herself, being unable to sleep. These persons are all of the highest respectability and veracity. The mother's warning and the dreams of the others have been fully verified. Decatur was wounded by a shell in his side. How can these singular circumstances be accounted for?—*Woonsocket Patriot.*

AMPUTATING.—As if the battle wounds were not ghastly enough, we read of a surgeon's amputating at the hip joint of a poor maimed soldier, who survived the operation only a few hours. That surgeon should be tied down to a board and have his own hip-joint divided, just to see how pleasant the torture is. The operation is never successful, except in killing the patient, and probably a devilish love of science caused its performance in the above instance; the result, "surviving only a few hours," being of no consequence to the remorseless "sawbones" who hacked at a dying patriot with all the ardor the pursuit of knowledge could inspire.—*Boston Post.*

☞ It is said that General Garibaldi speaks about fourteen different languages. Being asked to write something for a little boy's scrap-book, he instantly composed some verses in Greek. He has been seen, within the last few days, composing verses in ancient and modern Greek, Spanish, Portuguese, French, and Italian, always at the request of different friends. English is the last language he has acquired, having learned it in America in 1850 and 1851.

☞ Mr. Caleb Hodgson, Mayor of Carlisle, England, being asked for some aid to the tercentenary celebration, refused, saying: "Shakspeare was a clever man, but he might have turned his talents to better advantage."

COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION.

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PUBLIC SPEAKERS, MILITARY OFFICERS and SINGERS can use "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," or Cough and Voice Lozenges, as freely as requisite,—containing nothing that can injure the system. They are invaluable for allaying the hoarseness and irritation incident to vocal exertion, clearing and strengthening the voice.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 19th of May, by the Rev. Wm. T. Eva, Mr. JOHN E. R. LEONARD, to Miss CORNELIA, daughter of the late Christian Bumm.

On the 19th of May, by the Rev. Dr. Blackwood, Mr. JOHN MCKINLAY, of this city, to Miss SARAH E. TURNER, of Chester county, Pa.

On the 28th of April, by the Rev. J. Thompson, Mr. JAMES NEVILLE, to Miss MARY H., daughter of Frederick Reel, Esq.

On the 31st of July last, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, JACOB H. RISTINE, to Miss ANN E. HELFFRICH, both of this city.

On the 12th of May, by the Rev. A. Howard, Mr. JOHN HALEY, to Miss MARY MARLAND, both of Upper Darby, Del. county, Pa.

On the 12th of May, by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. ALEXANDER J. RUSSELL, to Miss WILLIE A. LEMON, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th of May, ELIZABETH KUGLER, in her 85th year.

On the 24th of May, MARY A. BYE, in her 69th year.

On the 23d of May, JOSEPH SHAW, in his 63d year.

On the 23d of May, ELIZABETH MILLER, aged 84 years.

On the 22d of May, STEWART HUSTON, in his 77th year.

On the 21st of May, MRS. EMELINE F. YARD, aged 39 years.

On the 21st of May, CHARLES L. HALFORD, aged 24 years.

On the 21st of May, MARY ANN, wife of Joel Hallowell, in her 56th year.

On the 20th of May, ELIZABETH DAVIS, aged 63 years.

On the 20th of May, TAMAR DOLTON, in her 70th year.

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Golden Wreath (over 200,000 sold) 40. Nightingale New and Attractive, 40. New York Normal Song Book, containing an oratorio founded on incidents of '76, 35. Exercise Song Book. Songs with exercises illustrating the trades, 20. May Festival, an oratorio the most pleasing to children of any ever published, and easily brought out, 15. The following are the best books for Sabbath Schools: Golden Harp, by Emerson, 30; Cherub, by Johnson, 30; Youthful Voices, by Lang, 35.

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This Powder stands pre-eminent and first in rank of all those *Cattle Powders* which have come under the notice of all the most able and experienced Farmers and Agriculturists in this country for many years; in fact, we say, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that for the diseases in which it is used, it stands far superior to any other preparation; nor is its beneficial effect confined only to the ANIMAL in a diseased and unhealthy condition, but on the contrary, in the perfect healthy animal, given in proper doses, mixed with its FEED, will improve its Digestion, and by this means the whole Physical condition of the animal is strengthened tenfold, improving the quality and quantity of Milk from your Cows, keeping all the secretion of your HORSES, CATTLE and HOGS in a proper and natural condition, thereby enabling their Systems to throw off any tendency to disease, keeping their skin and coats in a perfect healthy state, and through this means your stock is increased in value and good condition, which, to the prudent and economical Farmer, is more than wealth. This Powder has been in use for many years, and none is genuine except that which bears the name of Fickardt's Cattle Powder. Prepared only by

WILLIAM RALSTON,
Late of the firm of LAWS & RALSTON,
Wholesale Druggists, Philadelphia.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16th, 1862.
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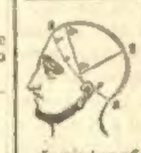

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Wit and Humor.

Why did Garibaldi Leave so Soon?

In order to set at rest for ever the above vexed question, which seems to be perturbing a good many people, and causing them to emit the most ridiculous guesses and objurgations, the *London Punch* begs to offer, at one view, all the reasons which induced the gallant Garibaldi to leave that country without allowing the provincials an opportunity of wringing his hand off:

1st. Because he will want his hand to plant the banner of Italy on the fortifications of Venice, and also of Rome.

2nd. Because he heard that Mr. Tupper was coming after him to recite an Ode in his honor.

3rd. Because Lord Palmerston begged him to go, lest he might excite democratic feelings, and thereby compel the Ministry to bring in a Reform Bill.

4th. Because the most Illustrious Personage believed that he had designs upon the Crown of England.—N. B. The Prince of Wales's visit was for the purpose of requesting him not to stir up a revolution.

5th. Because the National Shakspearian Committee, having concluded their work, wished to organize a movement for a Garibaldi memorial.

6th. Because the younger Garibaldi had fallen so desperately in love with a lady member of the Royal Family, that it was necessary to crush that sentiment in the early bud.

7th. Because it was not certain that Mr. Charles Kean might not be coming back suddenly, in which case influence would be used to get Garibaldi to see that gentleman in *Hamlet*.

8th. Because Cardinal Wiseman had blessed seventeen bludgeons, and given them to as many stalwart Irishmen, previously absolved, with orders to demolish Garibaldi, and give Mr. Seely a great beating.

9th. Because the Cockneys who insisted on riding in his carriage spoke such atrocious Hinglish that it grated upon the delicate Italian organization, and he was especially annoyed at being called a Nero of a hundered fights and a most magnanimous Hexile.

10th. Because the idiotic British Washerwomen made such exceedingly bad work with his red shirts, starching them in the wrong places, as they do with the linen of their countrymen.

11th. Because he had a telegram announcing that the Pope was going to send a brigand expedition to Caprera, with orders to eat Garibaldi's cook and housekeeper.

12th. Because the Englishwomen bothered his very life out for autographs, and he had sent away the insides of at least three mattrasses, as locks of his hair, to the inconsiderate daughters of Albion.

AN HONEST DEACON.

Deacon N——— was an honest old codger, a kind neighbor, and a good Christian, believing in the Presbyterian creed to the fullest extent; but lackaday! the deacon would occasionally get exceedingly mellow, and almost every Sunday at dinner he would indulge in his favorite cider brandy to such an extent that it was with difficulty that he reached his pew in the broad aisle, near the pulpit, and between the minister and the village squire. One Sunday morning the parson told his flock that he should preach a sermon touching many glaring sins so conspicuous among them—and he hoped they would listen attentively, and not flinch if he happened to be severe. The afternoon came, and the house was full; everybody turned out to see their neighbors "dressed down" by the minister, who, after well opening his sermon, commenced upon the transgressors with a loud voice, with the question, "Where is the drunkard?" A solemn pause succeeded the inquiry, when up rose Deacon N———, his face red from the frequent draughts of his favorite drink, and steadying himself as well as he could by the pew rail, looked up and replied in a trembling and piping voice,

"Here I am!"

Of course, a consternation in the congregation was the result of the honest deacon's response; however, the parson went on with his remarks, as he had written them, commenting severely upon the drunkard, and closed by warning him to forsake at once such evil habits if he would hope for salvation and flee from the wrath to come.

"And now," asked the preacher, in his loudest tones, "where is the hypocrite?'

A pause, but no one responded. Eyes were turned upon this and that man, but the glances seemed to be directed to the squire's pew, and, indeed, the parson seemed to squint hard in that direction. The deacon saw where the shaft was aimed, or where it should be aimed, and rising once more, leaned over his pew to the squire, whom he tapped on the shoulder, and thus addressed him:—

"Come, squire, why don't you get up? I did when he called on me!"

☞ An exchange says that very soon people of moderate means will be unable to tell on which side their bread is buttered.

NO BEANS FOR BREAKFAST.

In the town of Jefferson, in this State, lives Deacon M———, a very pious and exemplary man. In his family, as in most others in that locality, *baked beans* form the more substantial part of the breakfast on Sunday morning. It came to be after a while that the appearance of this time-honored luxury for the morning repast was a sort of notice to the deacon that the duties of the Sabbath had been entered upon. On one Sabbath morning, however, for some reason or other, this customary dish was omitted in the family. Immediately after breakfast, the deacon, as usual, took his hoe, went into the field, pulled off his coat, and went to work.

His wife and daughters, noticing this from the house with great astonishment, despatched John, the oldest son, to the field to inquire of his father why he worked on the Lord's day. On drawing near, John cried out:—"Father, father, what are you doing? It is Sunday—it is Sunday!" "Sunday! Sunday!" exclaimed the deacon. "That can't be; *we did not have beans for breakfast.*"

A Slanderer of North Carolina.—Travelling on the cars from O——— to M———, not long since, in the night, we happened to get into the same box with an individual answering to the name of "Bat;" and his description of "Norf Kerlina," her manners and customs, gave the listener anything but a favorable impression of the tar and turpentine state, thus:—

"Why, gentlemen, a dog with a long tail in North Carolina would be as great a show as a nigger with three heads."

"Why so?" asked several.

"They cut 'em off to prevent them knocking off the huckleberries when they are chasing foxes and rabbits through the woods."

"Pshaw!" came from a listener.

"Fact, certain as rain; and you never see a man or boy there with buttons on his pants."

"What then?" asked one.

"Pegs," replied the ever-imperturbable Bat. "Wear buttons all off climbing after persimmons."

"Go it, Bat," cheered an acquaintance.

"And I'll tell you another thing," he continued; "they have to bell the little niggers there, just as we do calves."

"What for?"

"So their owners can tell which gopher hole they're in."

A general scream followed this—the engine squealed, and we all jumped off at M———.

HOW SOME PEOPLE LIVE IN PARIS.

The Paris police have discovered a singular fraternity of lazaroni in that city. The brotherhood number no less than two hundred fellows, who are up in time for the distribution of soup at the Sisters of Charity's kitchen in the Rue de l'Echiquier, which takes place at 7 o'clock A. M. A generous pork butcher in the street distributes daily, at 8 o'clock, among the poor, (whom they personate,) the skins from his cooked bacon. With these two courses in their paunch, the lazaroni tramp off to the Louvre, where the gend'armes distribute soup, which no sooner disappears than this tribe of locusts directs its flight to the Napoleon Barracks, where other platters of soup are distributed. There being then no immediate gratuitous distribution of victuals, off these creatures go to the great wholesale fruit-market of Paris, which is the broad quay near the Garden of Plants, but on the opposite side of the river, and called the Port du Mail. Here hundreds of boats, and all the railways of Paris, pour their fruit. The sales ended, the lazaroni go prowling like hyenas about the pavement for the rotten or bruised fruit; with their two-cent knives, called "eustaches," because made at St. Eustache, in Auvergne, the lazaroni adroitly sever the sound from the unsound portion of the fruit, and feast on the former. When the neighboring church-bells sound the mid-day Angelus, the Port du Mail is deserted, and the lazaroni trudge up the Rue St. Jacques as far as the Champ des Capucins, where Sisters of Charity serve out boiled beans and soup. Summary justice done to these, they hie to Prince Eugenie's barracks, where the last distribution of soup takes place. Then they loiter leisurely about the street, keeping a sharp look-out for cigar ends, which they dry and chop fine for their pipes. As evening draws on they cluster around the theatres to obtain from some gaping spectator his check, which is rarely refused. Their night's lodging costs only four sous, and their toilet they obtain by opening carriage-doors, for which civility they are paid by all except churls one or two sous. Their wardrobe is replenished at the Temple (of old clo') at these rates: summer pants, 10 sous; roundabout, 11 sous; second-hand pumps, 5 sous; cap, 10 sous; clean shirt, 10 sous. Total sum charged for looking like a Parisian, 46 sous. This last item in the bill "clean shirt" is a mystery of Paris which requires a little explanation when used in this esoterical sense. When a fellow pressed for money goes to the Temple for a "clean shirt," he makes his way to one of those buxom dames who have a personal acquaintance with the wolf, and slipping behind a great screen she has in her shop, holds out a ten-sou piece in his hand, (to let her see he is a capitalist, and not a mere adventurer,) and cries out gently,—"A clean shirt, please!" The candidate for honors then disrobes himself to the waist, draws off his soiled shirt, hands it duly crossed with the silver coin aforesaid, to wit, the ten-sou piece, and receives from the dame the desired clean shirt, which is henceforward his property. A fellow pressed for money in Paris can live like a Parisian—like a great many Parisians—for very little money.

SCENE IN AN ENGLISH RAILROAD CAR.

American Passenger (to old Gent. who objects to smoking).—"That's a pretty knife; ain't it? That's the sort of thing we use in California! Jolly thing to stick into a fellow, eh?"

[Old Gent. fears his companion is not "quite right," and changes his carriage at the next station.

CHOICE OF COLOR IN DRESS.

M. Chevreul, the Government Superintendent of the dyeing department of the great Parisian manufactory of the celebrated Gobelin tapestries, has recently delivered a series of lectures at Paris on complexions and colors, full of valuable hints to our ladies. We quote: "The pink of the complexion is brought out by a green setting in dress or bonnet; and any lady who has a fair complexion that admits of having its rose tint a little heightened, may make effective use of the green color, but it should be a delicate green, since it is of importance to preserve harmony of tone. When there is in the face a tint of orange mixed with brown, a brick red hue will result from the use of green; if any green at all be used in such a case, it should be dark. But for the orange complexion of a brunette, there is no color superior to yellow. This imparts violet to a fair skin, and injures its effect. A skin more yellow than orange has its yellow neutralized by the suggestion of the complement, and a dull white effect imparted. The orange skin, however, has its yellow neutralized, and the red left; so that the freshness of complexion is increased in dark-haired beauties. Blue imparts orange, which enriches white complexions and light flesh tints; it also, of course, improves the yellow hair of blondes. Blue, therefore, is the standard color for a blonde, or yellow for a brunette. But the brunette who has already too much orange in her face, must avoid setting it in blue. Orange suits nobody. It whitens a brunette, but that is scarcely a desirable effect, and it is ugly. Red, unless when it is of a dark, to increase the effect of whiteness by contrast of tone, is rarely suitable in any close neighborhood to a lady's skin. Rose red destroys the freshness of a good complexion; it suggests green."

☞ The French now make bonnets of India rubber, painted to imitate Leghorn braid. India rubber bonnets ought to fit any head.

Agricultural.

POULTRY-HOUSES.

Bantams or Hamburghs may fly up aloft to roost, but for all other kinds let the perches be placed two feet from the ground, and for the convenience of having them cleaned and lime-washed, it is a good plan to have them moveable, slipping the ends into fixed notched blocks. The perches should be made of good fir poles (or poles from any other tree, if a sufficient straight length can be cut), and not less than four inches in diameter. Perches smaller than this should never be used, and it does not matter how much larger they are, for fowls get more entire rest in roosting, if they can make no effort to clasp the perch with their feet. Attention to this is especially necessary with Dorkings and all other large, weighty fowls. When Cochins were first introduced many amateurs put them to roost on platforms of stout laths, with beds of straw spread over them, not allowing the plump new introduction to go to perch at all. This, provided perfect cleanliness is observed, is comfortable roosting enough for large fowls (and a plan I still follow when I am driven by want of room to accommodate a few fowls in a dormitory no better than a big dog's house) but to keep these platform roosts properly clean takes more labor and straw than can generally be bestowed on fowls. I have, therefore, for many years past, given Cochins, as well as all other large fowls which I have had anything to do with, the large poles above described for perches. For nests, any baskets or boxes which stand too firmly to be easily turned over, fitted with good thick beds of well-rubbed straw, will do. Let them be placed in retired corners, and far from the perches. A nest hung up above the perches, to be reached from them without difficulty, is often very much approved of. The only objection to it is that it is apt to be patronized as a perch, which renders it quite objectionable for a nest.

When hens want to sit, Brahmas, Cochins, and many other kinds may be brought away from the chosen nest with impunity and set elsewhere; but hens of many kinds, and all of which are brought up with little notice, *will have* the chosen nest or none. The broody hen, however, must not be set in the nest which has been some time in use in the hen-house, as that during the three weeks of incubation is almost sure to get infested with chickens' insects, which precludes the likelihood of a good brood, or of strong, hearty chickens. When the hen takes to a nest it is best to change the nest of her choice for another like it, and to give her the eggs in that. She and her nest may afterwards be moved to a more convenient place with impunity, if the new place be very quiet and the removal effected at night.

To facilitate such convenient exchanges and removals, I prefer moveable nests to nests built into the house, but many persons, and good judges too, recommend for nests little stalls parted from each other along one side of the hen-house, and left with only the unfloored earth at the bottom. These are good, but I greatly prefer moveable boxes or half-sieve baskets. Whatever the nests, let them be flat at the bottom, and let them be often thoroughly cleaned and scrubbed.

Hens exhibit peculiar fancies about nests, some, like our watering-places, suddenly become all the rage at one time, and are pronounced unfashionable at another. Out of about ten nests in my own house, but three are at present popular, why or wherefore I know not, as they possess very different qualities. One of these is in a cold corner on the ground, the second is in a window exposed to light and heat, and the third is situated in a dark nook in an iron pot. I am of opinion that nests had better be left an open question for the consideration of the hens themselves, but of all materials usually employed in their construction, I think heather or straw the best. Hay is bad, as it soon generates insects of a kind "not to be mentioned to ears polite." Perches and nests are all the requisite fitting-up of the hen-house. Emma W.

Horses.—Horses I learned to govern by the law of love. The relation of friendship once established between man and horse, there is no trouble. A *centaur* is created. The man wills whither; the horse, at the will of his better half, does his best to go thither. I became, very early, Hippodamos, not by force, but by kindness. All lower beings—fiendish beings apart—unless spoilt by treachery, seek the society of the higher; as man, by nature, loves God. Horses will do all they know for man if man will only let them. All they need is a slight hint to help their silly, willing brains, and they dash with ardor at their business of galloping a mile a minute, or twenty miles an hour, or of leaping a gully, or pulling tonnage. They put so much reckless, break-neck frenzy in their attempt to please and obey the royal personage on their back, that he needs to be brave indeed to go thoroughly with them.—*John Brent.*

Feeding Working Oxen and Horses.—It is said that carbon is the base of all animal oils, fat, &c., while nitrogen forms the base of the muscular part of men and animals. The farmer may gather a useful hint from this chemical fact. In feeding vegetable fire, like hay and grass, which yields largely of carbon, animals will readily take on fact, and increase in bulk; but in feeding grain, which contains a much larger proportion of nitrogen, animals will have more power and endurance. The farmer who expects his horses and oxen to work well, and to wear in work, must therefore give them a portion of grain. Flesh made from grain is firmer, and much more enduring, than that made from grass or hay. Farmers will do well to remember this the present spring.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Useful Receipts.

Varnish for Painted Hand-screens.—It is made with 3 oz. of pure old Canada balsam, 4 oz. of gum mastich, bruised, and 1 pint of rectified spirit of turpentine. These must be put into a bottle, and frequently shaken during three or four days, until the gum is dissolved. Then apply it in the same way as other varnish. It may be used for water-color drawings, by first washing them with a weak solution of isinglass. It will retain its gloss for many years, and without cracking.

Feather Screens.—I have a pair of feather hand-screens, which have been in occasional use for the last forty-seven years, and are still in excellent condition. The feathers are arranged on them something in the following manner:—Round the outer edge, and projecting beyond the screen itself, Gallina feathers, beneath that, pheasant's, (the dark golden ones with black edge,) then a row of pure white, rather a larger feather which I cannot recognize, (it may be a white fowl's;) next, soft buff feathers looking like owl's; then a row of very small peacock's (green and gold breast, or back feathers, not the tail;) next, a row of Gallina's, then two rows of pheasants', (brown, with white eyes;) then a row of jay's; and lastly, quite in the centre, near the bottom, a bright scarlet feather or two of a foreign bird. The three first rows go all round the screen, the rest merely from side to side. They are the prettiest feather-screens I ever saw, but are not both alike. —Sarai.

Farmer's Pudding.—Put the yolks of four and the whites of two eggs, with ¼lb. of fine sifted sugar, into a basin; beat them a little together; add ¼lb. of butter melted; beat this all together till it is quite thick. Line a dish with light puff paste, spreading on it a thick covering of apricot or other preserve; pour on the above mixture, and bake it in a moderate oven.

Short-Bread.—Two lbs. of flour, 1 lb. of butter, 4 eggs, and 12 oz. of loaf-sugar powdered very finely. Rub the butter and sugar into the flour with the hand, and by means of the eggs convert it into a stiff paste. This must be rolled out to quite half an inch in thickness, and cut into square cakes, or round if preferred. The Scotch ones are generally square, and 6 inches in size. The edges should be pinched up to the height of about an inch, and on the top of the cake should be laid some slices of candied peel and some large carraway comfits. These are slightly pressed down so as to imbed about half of each in the cake. They must be baked in a warm oven upon iron plates.

To Clean Paper Hangings.—Put a clean soft bag, or an old pillow-case over a new broom, and gently brush the dust from the paper; then take crusts of stale bakers' bread, and wipe it down lightly, beginning at the top. If you rub it, the dirt will adhere to the paper. After thus brushing all around the upper part of the walls with the bread, begin just above where you left off, and go round again. Do thus until you have finished the paper. The dust and crumbs will fall together. Whenever a room is cleaned it is a good way, before the paint and windows are washed, to wipe the paper with a covered broom as above directed.

☞ Ambition often puts men to doing the meanest offices.

☞ We detest a second leave-taking. It confuses the clear echo of the first.

☞ Percussion-caps are found to poison children, if swallowed.

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 1, 11, 5, 16, 3, is necessary to the welfare of every young man.
My 2, 3, 17, 15, 1, belongs to all animals.
My 3, 17, 11, 14, is a title of rank.
My 4, 3, 15, 7, 14, is an unfortunate situation.
My 5, 4, 3, is an animal.
My 6, 5, 14, 8, is a domestic animal.
My 7, 18, 13, 15, 1, is a pitiful object.
My 8, 17, 9, 11, is looked forward to with pleasure.
My 9, 18, 17, 3, 16, is a place of great sort.
My 10, 15, 5, 4, 3, is an article frequently worn.
My 11, 7, 18, 10, is a pleasant exercise.
My 12, 9, 11, is what we all need.
My 13, 18, 16, 14, is much used in uncivilized countries.
My 14, 17, 11, 18, is much used in cookery.
My 15, 5, 6, 3, is much practised by sportsmen.
My 16, 13, 14, is an important article of commerce.
My 17, 14, 3, is much used in cities.
My 18, 13, 4, 1, 2, 3, 11, 13, 5, is a dangerous disease.
My whole is a great public enterprize.

Burlington, Kansas. L. EVERETT.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 9, 7, 13, 4, is a place where soldiers are stationed.
My 13, 10, 4, 10, is a kind of grain.
My 12, 10, 9, 3, 5, 6, is a game of chance.
My 1, 14, 3, is a bird.
My 3, 11, 12, 6, is part of a wheel.
My 13, 10, 15, 6, is a garden tool.
My 16, 6, 10, 1, 14, 16, 16, is a fish.
My 7, 2, 15, is a tree.
My 16, 2, 9, 6, is a place to keep money.
My 1, 10, 12, is part of a tavern.
My 3, 2, 4, is not lean.
And my whole is one of the principal battles of the war. INVALID CORPS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is to plunder.
My 2nd is a house of entertainment.
My 3rd is a bright color.
My 4th is a part of the body.
My whole is a celebrated singer whose concerts are a free gift to all; and whosesings as sweetly for the peasant in his cot, as for the king on his throne. IRENE.

Wampsville, N. Y.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in house, but not in cot.
My 2nd is in ground, but not in lot.
My 3rd is in blessing, but not in prayer.
My 4th is in ringlet, but not in hair.
My 5th is in mellow, but not in ripe.
My 6th is in smoking, but not in pipe.
My 7th is in ginger, but not in spice.
And many consider me very nice.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

PUZZLE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Take 2-5 of 3, and make 11 even.
Take 1-6 of 12, and make 7 even.
Take 2-3 of 2, and 1-5 of 3, and then take the remainder of 3 and you will have something that occupies a place on the brightest page of American History. D. S.

Waynesburg.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to divide the number 80 into two such parts that if the square root of the greater be added to the Naperian Logarithm of the less the sum shall be a maximum.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pennsylvania.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A, B, C, D and E each contributed $500 to a common stock, and went to the West to buy land. They bought 500 acres, and in dividing it was determined that A allow $1.25 per acre more for *his* land than B gave, $1 more than C, 31¼ cents more than D, and 25 cents more than E. How many acres did each receive, and at what price? WALTER SIVERLY.

Oil City, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a man grasping a humble-bee like a looker-on? Ans.—Because he is a beholder (bee holder.)

☞ What bird is like a one-eyed lover?—Ans.—A swan, because it is swain without an eye.

☞ Why is a blunt razor like parched grass? Ans.—Because it is all the better for a whetting, (wetting.)

☞ "Pompey, what am dat what goes when de wagon goes, stops when de wagon stops, it am no use to de wagon, and yet de wagon can't go without it?" "I gubs dat up, Clem." "Why, de noise, ob course."

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA—Lieutenant-General Ulysses S. Grant. RIDDLE—George Washington. CHARADE—Reuben Barto, (Reu, Ben, Bar, Toe.) CHARADE—Clover, lover, over.

Answer to PROBLEM by J. McBride, April 23rd. 65104 1-6 cents. Reuben Barto, Chas. L. Newbold, R. Vasey, Chas. and Morgan Stevens.